NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869. | VOLUME XVII.—No. 33. PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE SPORTSMAN'S REST.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

O, well by the side of this hill is his grave,
Where the swift waters dance and the broad branches wave,
Where the silver fish glides, where sings many a bird,
While in unison leaves by free breezes are stirred.

For he ever loved Nature, and with her his heart
Took company rather than with tinsel Art,
Though on Art, that was Nature's true copy, his eye
Never paused in a london indifference by.

O, the boat was his beautiful, bounding delight;
With his skill-rivaled doves in their far graceful flight;
And the horse was a treasure whose merits he knew,
So gallant, so ready, to master so true.

And the rifle was his, not for cruelty's sake,
But for broad recreation in valley or brake;
Nor unprized was the Angler's most subtly-held line,
By the lake's silver breast on the rough swelling brine.

Thus he passed through his life, yet to business gave heed;
Duty first, pleasure after, his Heaven next creed;
So firmly and friends were the stars in the span
Of the earnest, yet always the jolly, good man.

Wife, sons, daughters, friends! no sad tears should be shed;
It is only the sportsman's *earth* frame that is dead,
And his brave spirit waits for your coming on high,
Where it joins the angelic hosts in the sky.

THE LOVED AND THE LOST;

OR,

THE MUSIC HALL SINGER

AND THE

STROLLER'S APPRENTICE.

CHAPTER XX.

NESTA HOWELL.

"I love thee, I love thee,
'Tis all that I can say;
It is all my vision in the night,
My dreaming in the day.
The merry echo of my heart,
The blessing when I pray;
I love thee, I love thee,
Is all that I can say."—Hood.

Two years have elapsed before we take up the thread of our story again; two years of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows to all concerned in its progress. A very short summary will serve to tell of the events which have happened since the wreck of the Monarch of the Wave, or rather of the uneventful lives of those with whom we have to do.

The Dingles is vacant for the present, as is Horace O'Grady's pretty home; illness has been doing its work in both households and the two families, with Lord and Lady Scatterbrain in attendance, are in Italy, seeking health and strength in the soft air of the south.

The little heir of the Dingles, the young squire, as the peasantry call him, has been ill of some childish disorder and has not seemed able to shake off the effects of it. Always delicate, he has something of his mother's weakness about him and cannot rally as other children from an illness.

Angel herself is stronger and better than ever; with the necessity for thought and action and the loss of the arm she leaned upon, has come fortitude and self reliance and she is no more the feeble flower which every breath of air seemed to wither. No more children have come to Horace and Honor. They have had to mourn the loss of one fair infant, whose little eyes never opened on this world at all, and lay their hoped for heir in the earth without even one day's joy over their expected treasure.

Honor's health had been greatly shaken by her trial and suffering; and the doctor warned Horace that immediate removal and a long residence in a warmer climate was her best chance for recovery. She liked Italy—Angeline had never been there—so they went to Naples.

There was nothing particular to call them back and they stayed on month after month, all but the little heir gaining health and strength in the soft southern breezes of the Mediterranean. He faded, as children will, slowly but perceptibly, till it was soon evident to all but his doting mother that Horace would soon fill his brother's vacant place and be the master of his father's house.

Old Mickey Keane was still in the asylum, well cared for and happy, but no nearer recovering, nor in any way cured of his craze about Nora, whom he persisted in affirming was alive. Of Tristraile or the murderer of Squire O Grady no trace could be found. The former had been last heard of in Canada; the latter was as much a myth as ever.

James Maurice and his wife, Annette, were both dead—carried off within a few days of each other by one of those malignant fevers which now and then decimate over large towns. They were fulfilling an engagement with the proprietor of a large circus at the time and he immediately took charge of the friendless child, who was far too young to shift for himself in the world.

He took possession of the effects of the Maurices, for the orphan, he said, but the poor boy was never the better for his paternal care in that respect, and what seemed very odd to those who knew the dead man and his wife, no money nor bank account was ever found among their possessions.

Signor Armadini, as the circus manager called him self, passed for an upright, honest man, but some of his people were not slow to say that he must have appropriated some secret store of Jim's savings. All the papers he could find he did lay hold of, and one little packet he chuckled over considerably and stowed away in a fire-proof box wherein he kept all his valuables.

He was very straightforward about the boy, applied to the parochial authorities to have him regularly apprenticed to him, and as those gentlemen did not want him turned over to them and would have been puzzled know what to do with him if he had been, they graciously gave up the point, and the friendless orphan was bound for fourteen years to Signor Armadini, circus proprietor, to be kept, clothed and taught his business—to render such service as he could in return.

They were very wise men, doubtless, but they did not know that the little one could earn a salary that would keep the signor and his family like gentlefolks if he were hired out, or nightly fill his spacious marque to overflowing if he were kept at home.

So they settled the business and patted the sorrowful little fellow on the head, bidding him be a good boy, and thought his new master a very liberal fellow when he sent dress stall tickets to all the magistrates of the parish and their wives and treated the downtrodden inmates of the workhouse to an afternoon performance, whereat they not only saw the sights, but were regaled with buns and oranges, till the junior portion of the establishment ever after, when they waited out doleful hymns in their dreary chapel, associated the New Jerusalem with a glitter and tinsel of that afternoon's experience and wondered if spangled ladies and prancing horses formed any part of the delights of heaven.

It was a far different life for the little performer; no kind father or indulgent mother bent over him as he lay in his little bed and blessed him with loving appreciation of his efforts to please. Signor Armadini was a hard, cruel man, with a drunken, ill tempered wife, and blows and ill usage were the poor boy's daily portion. His mother had called him Harry and the word came with loving softness from her lips, but oaths and threats and all sorts of opprobrious names greeted him now.

He bore it, as children will, with dumb endurance, shedding many a bitter tear when no one saw him, and turning to the dogs and horses of the establishment when the human brutes ill used him as if their dumb sympathy were the only comfort of his life. And so his life went on, one day so like another in its hardship and endurance, that the forlorn boy often wished he were dead and lying beside the parents whose graves were scarcely yet green in the suburban churchyard he so wearily wished to visit.

With Mrs. Mellish across the broad Atlantic things were not much better; when the news of her husband's death came stunning and crushing her as such news does all true wives to whom it comes unexpectedly, she felt as if the end of her life was come and there was nothing for her but to lie down and die. But she found friends, as lonely women will, and after the fact of her widowhood was known the Elysium was more patronized than ever.

At least for a time; the principal attraction was gone with the vanished Miss Foster, and Mrs. Mellish had not a fortune to be able to supply her place with any great notability in the professional world, so she struggled on as only theatrical managers know how till the time we resume our tale, two years after her husband's death.

Two years after the "Monarch of the Wave" had gone to pieces on the shore under the little village of Llanbeth, and kind hearted Jem Maurice and his wife had buried their old benefactor, two young people sat side by side, on a grassy slope, overlooking a little village on the banks of the Wye. Everything around them lay in the full bloom of summer beauty, birds sang and flowers bloomed as though in sympathy with the bright young life of the pair of lovers.

For lovers the youth would fain believe they were; he was the son of the bailiff of the large farm behind them on the hill, and the girl, or young woman rather, for she was past the first blush of her youth, was a nobody—a waif, with neither friends nor kindred. Two years ago this woman, who answered to the name of Nesta, had been taken in and sheltered by some cottagers who lived under the shadow of Snowdon.

They never spoke of how or where they had found her; whether she had come there begging, or whether they had taken her up from the roadside, no one knew, but they had succored and kept her till she could earn her own living, which she had done since and helped to put by something for them as well.

Her very name was a mystery; they hit upon Nesta, the pretty Welsh synonym for our harsher Agnes, and she let them call her by it; Howell was their name, and as Nesta Howell, the stranger, came to be known. Soon it became a matter of fact that Mrs. Howell, herself a washerwoman, had in her house the neatest hand at laces and fine muslin ever seen in the country-side, and work grew plentiful and the little household prosperous.

But a bit of good fortune came to John Howell; a cousin, who owned a tiny freehold cottage and a bit of ground on the outskirts of the little border town called Hay, died, and he came into possession as next of kin. There was work to be had, and in a month or two they were as settled and well doing as ever. Nesta came with them; when they asked her whether she would cast her lot with theirs, she replied:—

"Oh, anywhere, anywhere, so I can be useful and unknown," and they had all come to their new house in company.

Nesta was a silent, unobtrusive creature, seldom going out and working with a diligence quite bewildering at her delicate trade. She was always respectful and polite to any ladies who came, and many did come to the cottage from sheer curiosity to see the pretty laundress about whom there seemed to be something of mystery.

She was very reserved and would answer no questions about herself, but there was a retirement about her so different from the people by whom she was surrounded that they could not make out.

Hugh Evans had seen her when on a mission to Mrs. Howell from the mistress of Clyro Court, where his father was bailiff, and had straightway lost head and heart and all at the sight of her loveliness. For Nesta was very lovely; she had delicate features and a clear complexion and her dark silky hair when let loose fell round her head in countless curls, though she strove to brush it down straight and covered it with a cap which was quakerish in its extreme simplicity.

But no cap covered it now as she sat by Hugh Evans' side, on the soft green turf; it was off and lying at her side, and the summer breeze lifted and played with her curls as it would. In her arms she held a tiny infant, a baby, whose advent Mrs. Howell had deemed a sore affliction, but which she loved with all a mother's fondness, nevertheless, and to which Nesta took with a tenderness that surprised them all. She relieved the hard working mother of almost all care of the little creature and never seemed so happy as when she was fondling and tending it.

Hugh was sorely jealous of it; he loved Nesta dearly and could not bear that any other living thing should so usurp her attention. He hoped she loved him in return, alas for poor human anticipations and wishes.

"Nesta, darling! listen to me!" he was saying as he sat at her feet, "can't you try and love me just a little? I know I am not worthy of you—not half so good as you are, but I'd make you a good husband."

"I know you would, Hugh," she replied, and her voice was low and musical, "too good for a poor outcast like me—you don't know my history?"

"I know all I want to, dear—the Howells told me. I know how you work for them—how good you are."

"And how they know nothing about me except that they took me in and cared for me when I was a poor outcast; think of that, Hugh—you, who can count your ancestors generations back; what would your father say to his son marrying such a one as me?"

"I can make a home for myself, Nesta."

"And lose their love at the home that has been yours all your life. No, Hugh, it must not be."

"It must—it shall!" returned the young man, seizing her disengaged hand and covering it with passionate kisses; "oh, Nest, Nest, if you do not give me your love I shall die!"

"No you won't, Hugh—dear Hugh, if you will, though, I cannot give you the love you wish; let us be friends."

"Friends! that's like a cup of cold water to a starving man!" he retorted, with a bitter laugh; "don't blight my whole life, Nesta, with the cold word friendship! Ah, forgive me!" he went on passionately, for the bright tears gathered in her eyes and overflowed in silent drops down her cheeks.

"I didn't mean to wound you, dear, but if you knew how I hunger for your love."

"I can guess," she said sadly, laying her hand upon his head tenderly, "but Hugh, dear, it cannot be."

"Don't say *cannot*, Nesta."

"I do; there is a bar between us, which not even your love can surmount. Let me be your sister, Hugh; I cannot, may not be your wife."

Hugh looked at her for a moment in surprise, and then a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he turned pale.

"Nesta," he said slowly, "tell me what it is, what is the secret of your past life?"

"Not what has entered your mind," she replied. "Hugh, I swear to you setting here under yonder blue Heaven, that there has been neither shame nor sin in my past life, not as you fancy; I have been a most unhappy woman, but not a wicked one, I trust and believe."

"Then I will have patience, Nesta; I believe I shall win you yet."

But Nesta only pressed his hand and said, "don't mistake me Hugh—it can *never* be."

CHAPTER XXI.

HOPES AND FEARS.

"Life ay has been a weary roun'
Where expectations blinnit;
Where hope gets many a crackit crown,
An' patience sairly dantit."

But though Hugh Evans hoped and waited, Nesta Howell did not change her mind, she steadily but firmly refused her love, unreasonably, as it seemed to the young farmer, till there were not a few who spoke very hardly of her, and even the friends in whose house she dwelt took her to task pretty severely for her persistent rejection of her suitor.

"It's a chance that most maidens would be sorry to lose," John Howell said to her one night, after hearing some gossip about it in the little town, "and I don't think thou'rt doing right, Nesta, to let it slip. Hugh Evans is a good lad and a steady one and since his father and mother have come to his way of thinking, which surprises me above a bit, thou ought not to play fast and loose with him as I'm afraid thou do it. It's a fine match for such as——"

"Hush, John!" interrupted his wife, seeing the tears gather slowly and fall from Nesta's eyes, "thou shouldn't speak to her so. May be there are reasons."

"Let him go on" the girl said, "for such as me, he was going to say; for a waif, a stray, an outcast come from no one knows where, to be a burden and a care to you."

"Nay, thou'st never been that," John Howell said, "I never meant it so."

"I know well what I have been, and I don't forget what you have been to me, brother and sister and dear friends all in one, but Annis there was right, there are reasons—reasons I can't tell to any one, why I can't marry Hugh Evans; I told him so; it is no fault of mine if he won't believe it."

"Well, he's breaking his heart about thee, Nesta," returned honest John Howell, "making a wasted life of it and bringing ill wishes on thy head from all that know him. I'll give thee a bit of honest advice, my gurl; if there's aught that hinders thee being an honest man's wife out with it and tell him, may be it can be got'en over."

"Never, never, while I live!"

"Well, Nesta, out with it, whatever it is; truth's best, at all times, and that foolish boy is going straight to his ruin."

And worthy John Howell, in the nearest approach to a bad temper he had ever known, flung out of the house and left Nesta to weep out her grief on the shoulder of his sympathetic wife, who, woman like, rather liked the idea of a mystery, and cried in concert with her without knowing why.

John Howell met Hugh Evans that night, pale and unshorn, and with the tokens of drink about him and took him to task as blunt men will.

"Never go to the dogs for a woman, man," he said to him, "Cana't not learn to say with the old song:—

"If she be not fair to me
What care I how fair she be?"

Sing it, man, and look out for another. Women are plentiful as blackberries on the bushes."

"There's only one Nesta, John Howell."

"No, and thou'lt never win her, be a man and show it, Hugh Evans. Don't let the country talk how thou'rt wasting thy best years for the sake of a wilful woman, if she be not worse; sometimes I misdoubt me she is."

"You doubt her! You live with her, and see her pure, good life from day to day, know her for what she is, and *doubt* her! Look here, my love for her is making a madman of me, will drive me to desperation and misery; some day she may hear of me as a thief or a murderer, for aught I know, but she shall never say when she hears of her handiwork that I ever doubted her purity and truth for an instant."

"These are wild words, Hugh," said a quiet voice behind them, and a hand was laid gently on the young man's shoulder, "and wicked words too; no man should prognosticate evil in his future life in that way."

The clergyman of the parish had come up unobserved and overheard the young man's fierce speech. The Rev. Bernard Gwynne was a good man, not with the goodness that vaunts itself in Pharisaical prayers and church observances, and in standing aloof on a pedestal of holiness and looking down from thence on the sins of his parishioners with pitying philosophy. He was not one of this sort, but a real, good hearted, sympathetic pastor, who took a thorough interest in his flock.

He knew them all, and, without being officious, had gained an insight into their affairs which made him a kindly counsellor in any time of need. He had watched the love which had sprung up in Hugh's heart for the strange girl who had come among them, and he liked Nesta in spite of the apparent mystery which surrounded her. He suspected the true state of the case, and was not sorry when he found an opportunity unsought of speaking.

"Wild words," he repeated, "and wicked ones. I am sorry to hear them from your mouth, Hugh Evans."

"I'm glad you've come, sir," said John Howell, stepping aside, "you'll may be be able to talk to him a bit; his case is a hard one, but young men will be young men, and Nesta knows her own business maybe better than we do."

And with a civil good-night he went his way, leaving the clergyman alone with Hugh, who would fain have said good night also, but that Mr. Gwynne detained him.

"Nay, Hugh," he said; "you and I have not met so lately that we can pass each other without a word. I am sorry to see you come out of that place," pointing back to a little public-house from which the young man had emerged, "and sorry to see you as you are. It's not like you."

Hugh hung down his head and muttered something about "being sorry," and "couldn't help it."

"Every one can help drinking if they choose," the clergyman said, "but there may be excuses. Won't you tell me your trouble? A trouble told is half cured, they say."

There was as much in the sympathising voice as in the words, and, scarce knowing how, Hugh found himself pouring out his dismal story to the kind clergyman. He told how he loved Nesta, how the love had grown upon him till it had become like his very life, and how Nesta would not listen to him and was driving him to despair by her indifference. The clergyman listened with patience and interest; he had been a young man once, and knew what disappointed love meant, albeit he was a happy husband and a fond father now.

"Will you leave it to me, Hugh?" he said. "Let me speak to this wilful young woman; you may trust me to say nothing that can possibly give offence."

"You are very kind, sir," Hugh replied, "but Nesta is proud and shy; she isn't a bit wilful, but I shouldn't like her to think I'd been speaking to anyone about her. Oh, if she'd only try and love me!"

And poor bashful Hugh fairly broke down and cried like a very child.

"I think it will come all right," Mr. Gwynne said kindly. "I mean as you wish. Nesta will get over her caprice and you will be a man and not let any pretty face come between you and your duty. I'm not going to preach you a sermon," he added, "you get enough of that from me in the pulpit, but remember that all trials are sent us for our good, and there's a higher power than any on earth that ordains our daily life. Leave Nesta to me; I'll find a quiet chance of speaking to her, never fear."

And Hugh went home comforted—there is so much in the manner in which a few words can be spoken, and the Rev. Bernard Gwynne had the grand charm which so many pastors lack. He thought a good deal of Hugh and his story; he did not disapprove of Nesta, exactly, but he was slow of taking to strangers, and this girl was doubly an alien; she was not only a stranger in the land, but she was unknown to those with whom she dwelt, except as to her daily habits and ways of life.

That she was a good girl now, he did not doubt, but he was by no means sure of her antecedents. Why a woman in her position should refuse so good a match as Hugh Evans, he could not imagine; there must be something wrong about it, and he resolved to make an opportunity of speaking to her if he could not get one.

He found one, however, without difficulty. Only two days after he encountered Nesta going on some errand with the Howell's baby in her arms.

Mr. Gwynne was critical in feminine appearance; and he took in the whole of this girl's looks at once. Her pretty face was slightly flushed with the heat, and her eyes sparkled as she talked to the infant she carried.

Her attire was that of the people round about, but there was a refinement in the way her clothes were worn, and a certain amount of coquettishness in the arrangement of them that hinted at a different life from that of a washerwoman's help, and at present she was nothing more.

It was not that she had better clothes or gayer colors than those about her, but she wore them differently. Hundreds of other women had caps as white, and aprons as clean, and shoes and stockings as trim as Nesta Howell, but there was something about her that caught the clergyman's eye.

"The lad has taste," he said to himself, with a smile, "and knows a pretty woman when he sees one."

Then, planting himself right in Nesta's way, he stopped her.

"Nesta."

"Yes, sir."

And then, as though she had suddenly remembered herself, she dropped the conventional curtsey, and added—

"Your servant, sir—good evening."

He shook hands with her, smiling at the hesitation which had accompanied her words, and returned her salutation.

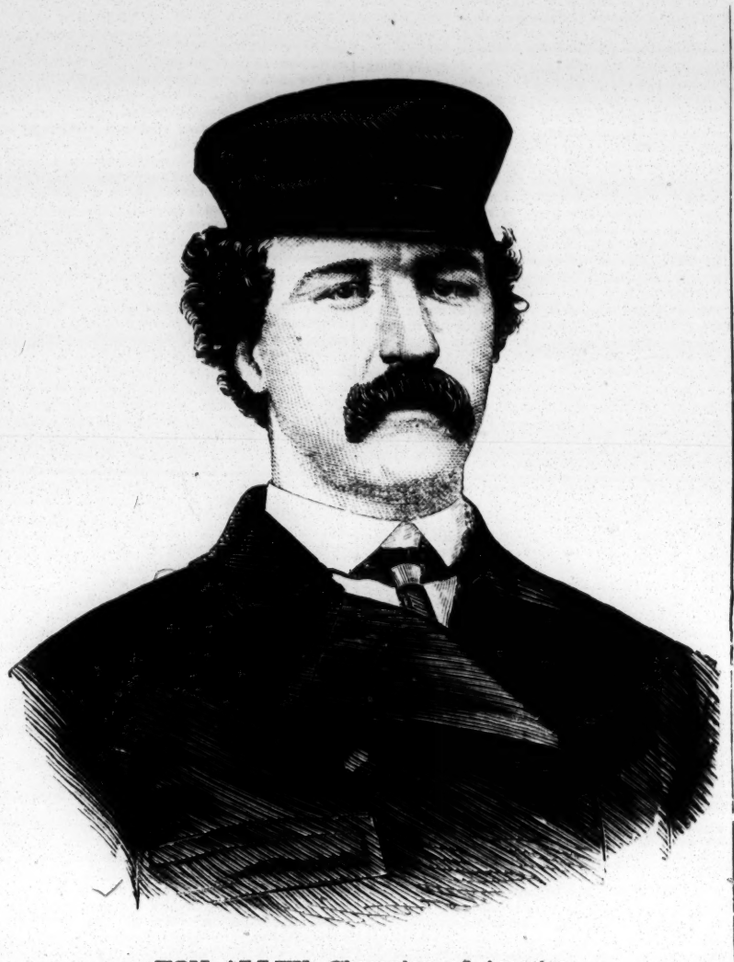
"I was wishing to see you, Nesta," he said; "can you come up to the castle for half an hour to-morrow? I want to speak to you."

The castle was Mr. Gwynne's residence; in the olden times when Wales was a kingdom and Welchmen fought and died for their native land there had been an old fortress there, and Prince Llewellyn was said to have honored it with his royal presence for a long season of siege and starvation, while hordes of King Edward's men waited outside for his surrender.

But this was in the misty and mythical times of long ago—the castle was a heap of ruins with the exception of one old tower, hundreds of years before the date of our story, and a modern house had been built up in its midst. This house was an old one now and stood in the very centre of the little town, with a high wall shutting it and its gardens in from the public gaze. How it came to be the rectory no one knew very clearly, but such it was and generations of clergymen had lived and died in it. Of course it was said to be haunted and they were brave folk who would enter by the front gate and cross the smooth lawn after nightfall.

For ordinary communications with the outer world there was a green door at the back, and at this door Nesta knocked at the time Mr. Gwynne had appointed. Her heart beat rapidly, for she guessed rightly what the good clergyman wanted with her, and she had made up her mind if he questioned her to tell him what she would not tell Hugh, the reason why she could not marry him.

It was a relief to her then to be shown into the study and told to wait instead of being taken to Mrs. Gwynne's parlor, as sometimes happened, and talked to before her. Mrs. Gwynne was a most amiable lady and her husband's people loved her well, but she was fond of finding all about everybody, and somehow Nesta did not feel as though she could bear her questioning this evening.



TOM ALLEN, Champion of America.

"But you have not answered my question, who taught you to read like that?"

"I learnt to read at a little school, sir; long ago, when I was a child."

"No little school' would ever give you the power to read and appreciate 'Tennyson's Idyls,' or to give such plaintive life to the little maid's song. I have often fancied that you have been other than you appear now. Tell me, Nesta, is there anything in your past life that needs concealment?"

He spoke kindly, but gravely, and Nesta's color rose as he bent his eyes upon her.

"Yes," she replied after a pause, "much more than I can tell you or any one."

"I feared it. Nay, sit down," for she had sprung to her feet again, as it seemed, in anger. "It is no business of mine to pry into your past life or any one's, but are you right to stay on with these simple people who trust you, concealing from them that you are not what they believe you, making your life a daily deceit, a lie!"

"My life is no lie—I am what you see me now and nothing more—never shall be anything more till the sods of the churchyard lie over my head, as I wish they did at this moment."

"Hush!" said the good clergyman, laying his hand upon her arm, "do not talk like that; whatever your past may have been you are redeeming it now; but they have a right to know it. Do not let it break upon them like a dark storm in the midst of their simple content. They love you, Nesta."

"And I love them as much as you wrong me, Mr. Gwynne, by your suspicions. My past has been most wretched, but not sinful in the way that you fancy. I never wronged or hurt any one in the world that I know of, but I have suffered; oh, how I have suffered!"

She seemed no longer the peasant girl, as she spoke in her passionate agitation, but a graceful woman, and he looked at her in astonishment.

"Will you not tell me who you are?" he asked again.

"I am a peasant's daughter of the same station as the people who befriended me. I cannot tell you any more, Mr. Gwynne. Was this what you sent for me to ask?"

"Not entirely; I wanted to speak to you on another subject. I am troubled about that poor lad, Hugh Evans. I fear he is taking to evil courses, and something he said the other night leads me to think you are not altogether blameless in the matter. An honest man's love is not a thing to trifle with."

"I have never trifled with his. I have never, by word or deed, led him to love me. I am sorry for him, but I cannot love him as he wishes."

"And why not? Nay, never turn away in anger, child; I am talking to you as your pastor and his. When Heaven asks of me an account of my flock I want to be able to say I tried to save him from his headlong course. Can't you help me, Nesta?"

"Not *that* way, sir. He is too good to think of marriage with one like me, a woman who no one knows, whom you yourself suspect of being other than a woman should be."

"But he loves you, with the love (or I am much mistaken), that a man only feels once in his life; he is tolerably well to do, and his friends are good, honest people, who will strive to make you happy. Can you not listen to his suit? He will make you a good husband, or I mistake him very much."

"No!"

The word came out with an intensity of passion which startled Mr. Gwynne from his serenity. In his quiet life at Hay he had never met with anything like it before, and to see Nesta Howell, the quiet, unassuming inmate of the washerwoman's cottage, blaze out in such a manner, was something unprecedented. Her eyes literally glared as she spoke the word, and her rounded form seemed to dilate and grow larger as she stood before him in her peasant's costume.

"Why not?"

"Because—you will have it, Mr. Gwynne, and I must tell you to clear your suspicions—because I am another man's wife! Would you have me take the sin of bigamy upon my soul?"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the clergyman. "But, Nesta, is this true!" for, in his heart he thought her raving.

"True as the stars above us; true as my wretchedness is, my despair; I am a wife; I was a mother!"

"Was!"

"Aye, *was*, till I lost my boy, my darling, pretty baby that stayed to comfort me when I lost him."

"Lost him! You speak in riddles, Nesta, but now you said you were a wife; how can you be that if your husband is dead; how could you lose him but by death?"

"There are other things that part those who love in this world," the girl said dreamingly. "They told me he was dead and had left us alone, me and my baby; and I mourned for him as though the ground concealed him, and went home to find home desolate, and then I went mad, I think, for there was a long, weary blank in my mind, where there was no father, no home, no hope, no anything."

"And then?" asked the good clergyman, interested more than he could tell by the story.

"And then I awoke to myself again to find my baby boy taken from me; no one knew where he was; some thought he was dead; some said he was strayed or stolen, but I, his mother, never saw him after!"

She told her tale in a dreamy way, as if her great, mournful eyes were looking back into a sad past, and he took her hand as if she had been a lady, and won her by his tender soothing to tell more.

"They were kind to me, the people I was with; kind and thoughtful; they gave me fine clothes, and food and shelter, and I sang for money for them; and men came after me and wooed me with flattering words, but their care kept them away, for they knew my heart was in the grave."

"And where was all this? and if your husband be not dead, poor child, where is he?"

"I am coming to that. It was in America, I lived with the people I speak of; they kept a singing saloon and theatre. Ah, I see you think me worse than ever now, but I was too sorrowful to be wicked in the way of such places, and while I sang, the music used to turn my heart to stone, for it spoke to me of him. Then there came a time when it was worse than all the rest, when I saw in the newspaper that he was alive——"

"And you came home to seek him; well?"

"No, no, not that, listen closer that no one may hear; he thought me dead, and *he*, my husband that I loved so dearly—my boy's father—*married*! Married to a fair girl, rich and good, and was happy in his wife and home. He thinks me dead and buried in a pauper's grave; what am I, the peasant girl, that I should stand between him and his joy?"

"But, Nesta, this is wrong; if your story be a true one——"

"It! Should I have been working and striving for a bare subsistence to hatch a lie like that! Every word of it is true."

"Well, if it be, do you know what you are doing? what you are making of this girl your husband has married? Do you understand what she is while you live?"

"Yes," she said, in a low tone, "and it is *because* I know that I keep away. They think me dead, and what would me coming to life be to them! Think of that, Mr. Gwynne."

"It is a hard case to advise in, but will you not tell me further, Nesta? Tell me the whole truth, who and what you are, and what is your name; I shall know better what to think then."

"I will, on one condition."

"What is it?"

"That you will promise, nay swear, by your sacred office never to reveal it; never to seek my husband whom I love so dearly, that I would not spoil the happiness of a single hour of his life. If you do, I swear in my turn that that hour I will never be heard of more. He shall have no haunting of a bitter past from me!"

Mr. Gwynne was puzzled; though a middle aged man now, and a clergyman from his early manhood on his case had never come within his ken. He had been twenty years in this quiet Welsh parish, and resided among his people, bearing of all their difficulties, and sympathising with all their distresses; he had helped to heal up quarrels, and had baptised, married and buried his people of all generations, but he had never heard of such a wild proceeding as this of Nesta Howell's.

That a married woman should, of her own free will, give up her life for what she deemed her husband's happiness, and make an exile of herself from home and wifely rights, he could not comprehend. He was sorely perplexed how to answer her, or how to act, supposing she revealed her true name and her husband's place of abode.

"Nesta," he said, after a pause, "you lay a terrible responsibility on me by your words. I will promise never to speak of this till you give me leave to do so, but I trust in heaven, my poor child, that you will be brought to see what you ought to do, or that accident may bring to light what you are keeping secret. I fear I am wrong, as my holy office in this connection ought to be above all worldly ties, but I do not see my way aright."

"I will trust you, sir," Nesta said, "you are good and kind, but you will keep your promise, will you not?"

"I swear I will."

She took a little packet from the bosom of her dress, and opened it. It was thin and flat, and contained only a few papers and letters, copies of certificates as it seemed. Mr. Gwynne looked them all over attentively, and jotted down memorandums of things in his pocketbook.

"One thing I will do," he said, "for your sake and my own; I will get properly attested copies of these and keep them. No one shall see them but myself, but in case of anything happening to the originals it will be well to have them. Pray to be rightly guided, Nesta, for yours is a hard case, my dear."

"Harder than I have told," she replied, "but I will tell you my history another time. What you know now will you please tell Hugh, Mr. Gwynne?"

"Poor Hugh Evans!" said the kindly rector, as he watched the trim figure of Nesta walk lightly away in the darkening twilight, "I suspect that the mystery about her helped to rouse him into love for her. It is a strange tale I have to tell him; how will he take it, I wonder!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANTICIPATED PLEASURE.

"A union formed as mine with thee,
Not rashly or in sport,
May be as fervent in degree,
And faith as firm in sort;
And may as even in comfort prove,
As that of true fraternal love."—Cowper.

Nesta's absence did not pass unnoticed at the cottage, where Hugh Evans had been loitering in the hope of seeing her with the infatuation of love which makes a man creep to the girl who spurns him as insects flying to the light which scorches off their delicate wings.

"Been to the castle, eh?" said John Howell, when she told where she had been. Did the parson say anything to thee, my maid?"

"Yes, 'twas to see him I went; he bade me come, he had something to say to me."

She sat down wearily with an air of listlessness very different to her ordinary alacrity in serving her friends, and took the baby from Annis without her usual pleasant smile, for the little creature laughed in her face and wreathed its little hands in her hair in joyous welcome.

"Some'at has troubled thee, Nesta," Annis said, looking at her pale face; "thou'st been crying; what is it?"

"I've been talking to Mr. Gwynne, that's all; I'm sorry I was so long, Annis dear; put down that ironing, I'll finish it."

"Thou'rt always willing, I'll say that for thee," John Howell said bluntly; "Annis isn't over done and I want thee to tell us what Parson Gwynne wanted with thee. Was it aught about Hugh Evans?"

"Yes."

"Ay, I heard him tell him he would speak a word for him; what couldst thou say to him against such a match?"

"I told him why I could not marry Hugh, and he is satisfied it cannot be. He will see him—will tell him. Ah, dear friends, do not ask me; pardon me that I keep this one thing from you; but it cannot be, even if I loved him it would be a hideous sin!"

She burst into a passion of such tears as they had never seen. Simple and unemotional in their lives, as most of their class, they had no idea of the fierce feeling, the heaven of joy or the tempest of sorrow which can rend a sensitive nature, and they looked at Nesta, as she sobbed hysterically, as they would have looked on one possessed with a devil. Like Mr. Gwynne their lives went on in an even tenor, undisturbed by anything but the necessity of bread winning.

They loved each other in a quiet way, with an humble holy love, looking to no parting save the one which comes inevitably to all, and never dreaming that married life could have a sorrow so deep as the one which racked the heart of their guest. Mr. Gwynne took his own time to tell Hugh; he met him the next day, but only said that Nesta had satisfied him that her reasons were good and bade him wait a few days.

"I am only waiting for proofs of what she told me," he said; "when I get them I will send for you."

And in four days from the evening Nesta visited the castle, Mrs. Gwynne's curiosity was sorely excited by sundry letters received by her lord and master. Think and official ones they were, and for the first time in her married life she found her husband's correspondence a sealed book to her.

"The secret is not mine, dear, and it is a sad one, believe me," he said gently; 'sometime I may be at liberty to tell it, I trust I may, but now I have promised."

"Then I won't ask," she replied, with wifely obedience; "but tell me one thing."

"If possible, I will."

"Does it concern that pretty girl in the river cottage? John Howell's sister they say she is, though I don't believe it; she looks like a lady."

"And is, I fancy; you have guessed rightly, she is not John Howell's sister and the secret does concern her. More than this I cannot tell you, and don't speak even of this much; believe me, Nesta's fate is a very sad one; she is much to be pitied."

"Poor girl. Trust me, dear, I will neither speak nor ask till you give me leave to do so."

Mrs. Gwynne was a wary little woman, who held her tongue in check, and might safely have been trusted with any secret, but he respected his promise to Nesta.

To tell Hugh Evans was a hard task. For the whole time till the rector sent for him he abstained from drink and worked regularly and well, so that when at length Mr. Gwynne summoned him he looked like his former self, only somewhat paler—a wholesome young fellow, strong of limb and erect of frame, whose attire bore the fresh scent of the new wood amongst which he worked, and whose strong nervous hands shook no longer with the ague born of drunkenness.

"I'm glad to see this change, Hugh," the rector said kindly, as he showed the young man into the very room where he had listened to Nesta's story; "truly glad to see you have overcome the temptation that was ruining you. I hope what I have to say to you won't make you recklessly unhappy."

"You've talked to Nesta, sir? seen her?"

"I have."

"And she won't marry me, sir; won't try to return my love? Ah, Mr. Gwynne, I see it in your face; she spurns me; I see she does."

"No, Hugh, not that; she feels for you in her heart; Nesta, God help her, is a most unhappy woman."

"But I'd give my life to make her happy."

"She knows it and she appreciates your honest love but it is impossible. Hugh, I feel for you from the bottom of my heart, but it must be for Nesta cannot marry you, because she is already a wife."

"A wife!" the color died out of the young man's face, leaving it white even to the working lips. "Curse her for a deceitful—!"

"Hush, Hugh," said Mr. Gwynne, laying his hand on the young man's arm, "do not speak words you will be sorry for directly they are uttered. I believe Nesta to be innocent in this matter; she bade me tell you her story and beg you to keep her secret from all at Hay."

And Mr. Gwynne, in a few words, told Hugh Evans what Nesta had revealed to him, suppressing only names.

"I waited till now," he said, that I might have proof her story was true; I received the proofs this morning, and now, my lad, all I can say Heaven help you to subdue this love which is unwitting'y so unholy, and turn your thoughts otherwhere. You will not visit this knowledge on her, will you? she is most unhappy."

"God forbid, Mr. Gwynne, but my heart's broke, sir, that's all; I would have lain down and died, sir, to have given her happiness and now—"

And poor simple untutored Hugh Evans lowered his head in his huge hands and cried like a little child.

"There's mercy in it somehow, though we can't see it now, Hugh," Mr. Gwynne said with deep sympathy; "try and learn to look upon her as a sister who may sorely need your help some day."

"I will, sir; I'll see her once more and tell her I know, but it's hard to bear and then I think I'll go away for awhile. I'm afraid I couldn't bear to stay in Hay now while she is here."

"I think you are wise; fresh scenes will help to cure you; it is a hard case, my poor fellow, and no one can help you to bear it."

Nesta met her lover a day or two afterwards when she was going into the town on some errand. He did not avoid her, as she half expected he would, but came towards her with outstretched hands.

"I will want to speak to you, dear," he said; "don't fear, I'm never going to talk of love again; I only want to tell you that I know and that I'm going away for a bit till I can bear to look upon you as a fellow ought to look upon another man's wife."

He was holding her hand as he spoke and looking upon her with an infinite tenderness in his eyes which she never forgot.

"I was wrong not to tell you, Hugh," she said, "but I couldn't; it was only when I saw you going a bad way and forgetting your manhood and your goodness

for the love of me that I could make up my mind to let Mr. Gwynne speak. Hugh, tell me that you forgive me!"

"Forgive you! Oh, if I could only prove to you how fully I forgive you, how I love you still."

"Ah! not that word, Hugh," she said, "you must never speak that way to me. But you must not leave home for me; I will go away," she added with tears. "I can earn my living elsewhere as well as here and where I am matters nothing. Your parents must not lose their son for me."

"Only for a time, Nesta; I will come back when I can suppress my love and look upon you as I should, but even were you away I could not stay here, where I have hoped for so much happiness. In a few days I shall be far away."

"Don't go without seeing me again, Hugh; promise me that."

"I do."

They parted with a silent pressure of hands, and Nesta went home, thinking sadly of the past and almost wishing that she had gone down with the rest of the passengers in the doomed vessel which had brought her to England. For she alone, of all the crew and passengers of the ill fated Monarch of the Wave, had been saved from the devouring sea; saved she knew not how, washed ashore, as it seemed, like a piece of broken drift wood, only to toil and suffer and bring sorrow to a loving heart.

The shouts of a crowd of children woke her from her sad reverie, and, looking up, she found herself in the midst of an excited juvenile throng, who were following two men with paste cans and brushes, and exulting as they covered dead walls and boardings with flaming bills announcing the advent of "Signor Armadini's Royal Spanish Cirque Imperial."

There were the usual magnificent representations of men and horses in all sorts of wonderful performances, and scantily attired ladies leaping through the smallest of hoops.

There were bounding brothers, and acrobatic wonders, and crowds of fine folks looking on, all depicted in such tremendously bright colors that the eyes of the young folks fairly ached at the sight of them and no king could have had more silent homage than they accorded to the men with their paste cans and brushes, who unfolded these glories to their dazzled view.

Nesta passed them with a listless glance; the circus had no interest for her; the glee of the shouting children jarred upon her sadness, and she hurried home to find honest John Howell almost as much excited as the urchins she had left.

He had seen the agent of the show—nay, had had the supreme honor of treating him to a glass of ale and had obtained from him a bill wherein all that was to be seen was set down at full length.

"And we'll have a treat," he said; "Annis there has never seen the horse riding in her life. I did once, but I was quite a lad. We'll make holiday for once; thank heaven, we can afford it, and it'll cheer Nesta up a bit; may be she's never seen the riders either."

"Yes, I have, long ago," she replied, with a smile that was half a sigh. She would not damp their innocent delight by saying how much rather she would stay at home and nurse the baby or attend to the household duties than go, and she tried to be interested in the high sounding names that John was reading with many blunders from the staring looking sheet he had brought home.

"Signor Armadini, that's the master, I suppose, will appear as the Courier of St. Petersburgh, in his wonderful set of riding nine spirited horses at one time."

"Lor!" exclaimed Annis, with her eyes extended to their utmost. "There never was a man with legs long enough to do that."

The idea of any man doing anything with a horse but sit on it or drive it never occurred to her.

"He'll do it somehow, or I wouldn't be set down here," her husband oracularly. "Mamselle Angelique in her great act of the dances of all nations' in which she will change her costume nine times while the horse is going at his utmost speed! Madame Dubarry on the *corde el stique*, what's that, I wonder, Mademoiselle Eulalie in her astounding flight through fifty balloons, concluding with her aerial leap on to the throne of France."

"I don't believe a word of it," exclaimed Annis. "There never was a woman flew yet and never will, it's against nature!"

"We'll go and see any way. Here's something else. The infant Don Jose Sallusto, Grandee of Spain the most wonderful rider in the universe, will appear. Don Jose is only five years of age, and has been deprived of his territorial rights by the recent disturbances in his native land. He is under the guardianship of Signor Armadini and displays the greatest talent in his profession. This wonderful child will execute single and double backward and forward somersaults on the back of his Arab steed, leap through balloons and over banners, &c., while the horse is going at his utmost speed. Remember Don Jose Sallusto, only five years of age!"

"It can't be a child," Annis said. "It must be a dwarf; no child could do such things."

"It may be older than they say," John replied, "but they do make children do all that and more now, wife."

"Poor little fellow," sighed Nesta. "What he must have suffered before he was fit to do it. I should like to see him."

"We'll all see him, Nesta. It will be a fine sight. All the town will be there. All the young men will take their maidens, as Hugh would have taken thee if thou hadst listened to him. Ah, well, I don't want to trouble thee, girl, and we'll go to the horse-riding."

TO BE CONTINUED.

AQUATICS.

ENGLISH vs. AMERICAN OARSMEN.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—Having taken an interest in and devoted a good share of time to rowing for the last 8 years, seeing almost every race of note during this period, has induced many persons to ask me the question of me, "Was not that remarkable time, 20 min. 43 sec., made in England by the Tyne four oared crew over the Thames crew?" It struck me on reading the telegram to be something extraordinary, beating the time made by the Oxfords against the Harvards, both good *amateur* crews, about 2 minutes. Hearing it spoken of as often, coupled with the words "we have no four men in this country who can make a respectable race with Renforth's crew, let alone beat them," I thought I could see how far we are behind them, if any, or how many minutes and seconds difference there would be between an American crew and an English crew, rowing the same distance over the same kind of water and in shell boats.

I have always satisfied myself that I could account for all difference in time made by rowers in races. It is either in the men, the boats, or the different waters rowed over. I find the distance from Putney to Mortlake to be 4¼ miles, pulled by a trained crew in 20m. 43sec., with a current that runs when a race is rowed there of not less than three miles an hour—if more, so much the worse for the English crews. I would like to see one of our trained crews, and see how long it takes them to row a certain distance. For instance, I will take the winning crew at Lake Quinsigamond one week ago (or say the Ward Brothers); I wish to take the course on this lake, as it is probably the best and most reliable in the country, the water being always perfectly smooth and still. Now, this is three miles rowed (that is one mile and a half and return) in 19 minutes 21 seconds. This is in a space of *six miles*, where the rowers are not supposed to kill themselves the first three miles. I now find that the Tyne crew can pull on the Thames, provided there be no current—that is, on water like Lake Quinsigamond—three miles in 19 min. 20 sec.; this is only one second less than our crew pulled over the same kind of water; but the Tyne crew carried a coxswain and rowed straight away race, while our crew carried no coxswain, but made a turn. Where the men pull under the same conditions and with or without a coxswain, the difference must remain the same, as I think I can show; and I may as well mention here that I am satisfied that a crew carrying a coxswain in a three-mile race will lose half mile to one minute's time, according to the strength of the coxswain.

The Tyne crew rowed a first-class shell, and have also carried a coxswain of from 60 to 70 pounds weight, their time longer than it need be by 30 seconds have miles, which, deducting from the 19 min. 20 sec. 3 miles in still water, will make 18 min. 50 sec., their best time in a four oared shell, no coxswain. The time made by our crews carrying no coxswain is 19 min. 21 sec. with one turn. I deduct 30 seconds for turning any four oared shell, and this makes 18 min. 51 sec., a difference in favor of the English crew of only *one second* in three miles.

Now I contend that the English crews were composed of the best rowers in England, and I am not at all satisfied that the crews that rowed on Lake Quinsigamond one week ago were the best in the country, or consider themselves as such; but could not the winning crew have made *the one second difference*, or possibly more, as they had quite an easy race? Presuming the above to be correct, we can safely say our oarsmen, as a rule, can compete with any in the world. ATALANTA.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12, 1869.

OPENING REGATTA OF THE CENTRAL BOAT CLUB.—The oarsmen of Harlem river have organized a boat club known as the Central Boat Club of McCombs Dam, and are to have their first annual regatta on Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 18th. Three races are announced—a 3 mile scull race, in 17 foot working boats; a single scull race for the championship, and a scrub race, all to be rowed over the club course, from the Central Bridge at McComb's Dam a mile and a half up the river and return. Some fast time may be expected, as the club numbers among its members several of the best scullers on Harlem river.

QUICKEST PASSAGE ON RECORD.—A cable dispatch states that the steamship Perrire, Captain Duchesne, of the General Transatlantic Company arrived at Brest, France, at 4 A. M. on the 8th inst., having made the passage from this port in 8 days 16 hours and 35 minutes, apparent time, or 8 days 11 hours and 35 minutes actual time. She left Sandy Hook at 3:25 P. M. on Oct. 30th. This time is equal to 7 days 21 hours and 35 minutes to Queenstown. On her last westward trip the Perrire made the distance between the ports in 8 days and 16 hours, which was also the fastest from Brest to New York.

IN TOWN.—Andrew Connors and P. McNulty, respectively stroke and bow oarsmen of the Neptune four-oared crew, of Boston, were in Police Court, looking at the sights, etc. Their object in coming on was principally to see about having a new boat constructed by McKay, but they did not like him at home and went back without doing anything.

WORKING BOAT RACE.—A boat race took place on Nov. 6d from Vanderbilt landing, S. I., around Staten Island, between Geo. W. Chambers, in boat Eva, weighing 60 lbs., and P. H. Schenck in boat Squat, weighing 40 lbs., both 17 feet in length. Chambers won; time, 6 hours and 45 minutes. Schenck's time, 7 hours and 33 minutes.

NEW BOAT HOUSE.—The Braman estate, at the foot of Chestnut street, Charles river, Boston, has been purchased by the Union Boat Club, who will shortly commence the erection of a new and commodious boat house. The new establishment will contain a club room, gymnasium, etc., and be fitted up in handsome style.

ADDY TO BROWN AND TAYLOR.—*Bell's Life*, of the 30th ult., contains a challenge from Mark Addy, of Manchester, to Walter Brown and James Taylor, proposing to row over the Thames course for £50 a side, or agreeing to give the American champion £15 to row on the Orwell.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1869.

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NOTICE.

ADVERTISEMENTS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

To Correspondents.

BOSSCHIERS, Philadelphia, Pa.—1. Sayers retired after his fight with Heenan, April, 1863. Sam Hurst won the belt by beating Tom Paddock, Nov. 5, same year. In June, 1861, Mace defeated Hurst and won the belt. In 1865 King beat Mace and claimed the trophy, but subsequently gave it up, declining to meet Mace, who again claimed. Wormald won the title of champion by vanquishing Mace, in 1866, but afterwards forfeited to Mace, owing to illness, and the latter claimed the belt, for which he and Goss fought a draw in 1866. This last affair was "fixed" beforehand and created so much disgust that Mace was compelled to hand the belt over to the editor of *Bell's Life*. In 1867 Wormald and O'Baldwin were to have fought for the bauble, but the latter forfeited (through no fault of his, it is generally believed), and Wormald claimed the belt. Mace and O'Baldwin were afterward matched for the championship, same year, but Mace was arrested and the money was returned to each man, leaving the belt in abeyance. The last championship match was between Goss and Harry Allen, which ended in "no fight," both being arrested, August, 1868. The belt which Mace has with him is not the original champion belt of England—he one for which Heenan and Sayers fought. 2. We never heard of their having had a fight of any kind and are confident they never did. 3. Aaron Jones informed us that he was born March 1, 1835. He died Feb. 16th inst.

C. W. H., Cleveland.—1. John T. Huntley was with the party. 2. Matt Peel's last appearance to be one the public was in Buffalo, N. Y., on May 2, 1859. He is now in San Francisco, Cal. He was in the minstrel business, but never in the circus profession, to our knowledge. 3. They neither demand or receive the small receipts at the house. How absurd to suppose such a thing. They receive, however, sixty per cent. of the gross receipts. 6. Mr. Jefferson will probably appear in your city this season. 7. The company you inquire about are enclosed in each issue of the CLIPPER. If you cannot get a position by advertising you stand a poor chance at other ways.

SIDNEY PLACE, Brooklyn, L. I.—None at all. Elliott defeated Gallagher at Coach Island, near Detroit, Mich., Nov. 12, 1868. Gallagher and Allen on that Carroll Island, near St. Louis, Feb. 22d of the present year. The latter is probably the battle to which you allude, at least it is the only fight in which Gallagher has been engaged this year prior to his second meeting with Allen on August 17th.

J. G., Boston, Mass.—As you have the control of the affair and have secured the hall for that period, you of course can prevent him walking; or, you can give him warning before the start that if he does not put in an appearance he will not be entitled to any prize, no matter what may be his position at the close.

EXPERIENCED, Reading, Pa.—1. We cannot, on any reliable authority, give you the names of the papers having the largest circulation in the country; they vowed to never allow, touts occurring each time. Brown was awarded the stakes on the first occasion and Hamill on the second. 3. Walter Brown.

P. H., Fox bury, Mass.—Chas. Westhall, from scratch, beat Cad Seward also at scratch, and W. Jackson (the American Deer) who had the odds start, for £25 each time, 4 miles 28 seconds, at the Copenhagen Grounds, Islington, Eng., July 26, 1852. This was his fastest time for one mile.

F. and E. Germantown, Penn.—1. Dexter's fastest time was 2:17¼, made in harness. 2. Wood, of the Eckfords. 3. The Atlantics may properly be called champions in New York. The Cincinnati club, by common consent, had received the title of champion club of the country.

G. W. H., Boston, Mass.—1. American Girl, in the race at Narragansett Park, on Oct. 8th, was certainly beyond doubt distanced and was not declared distanced by the judges. 2. Dexter's fastest time is 2:17¼. He has no record of 2:16¼, as in his race with Ethan Allen and mate he did not win a heat.

"HENRY," Yorkville, L. I.—The word *cercle*, according to Webster, is pronounced ker-kle, and means a circle of familiar friends; a meeting for social or literary intercourse. The word is French, in which language it is pronounced ker-cle.

W. W. G., Manchester.—Bryant's Minstrel Hall is in Tammany Hall building, which is located on the north side of Fourteenth street, between Third and Fourth avenues, and adjoining the Academy of Music.

DEXTER, East Boston.—1. He is at present playing at the French Theatre, this city. 2. Lizzie is in the South. 3. It will be opened as a variety place of amusement as soon as the Paris closes.

J. H. V., Pittsburgh, Pa.—1. Ben Chambers was champion of England at the time of his death, having beaten Kelley. 2. Edwin Forrest was born in Philadelphia, March 9, 1806. 3. It is a matter of opinion entirely.

C. C., Cincinnati.—1. She is a widow. 2. He is in no way related to her. 3. She has two grown up children. 4. Since she was born.

W. F. F., Williamsport.—1. The party known as the Georgia Minstrels are well up in the business. 2. We know nothing about the Marsh Minstrels.

CHAS. G., Omaha, Neb.—1. The Cunard steamship Russia is credited with having made the run from New York to Liverpool in 8 days 1 hours and 45 minutes actual time, July 1'69. 2. No.

D. J. D.—1, having taken the responsibility of the trump was entirely at the point of giving it away, but A was not. B, in taking the odds scores one point.

JOHN P., Virginia City.—1. Baltimore, 33:0:0. 2. From twenty to twenty-five dollars a week. 3. We have not received any monies from you for subscription.

BOB, Washington.—1. Write to F. C. Wemyss, No. 5 Astor Place, this city. 2. She will visit our city late in the season. 3. They go through the west and south.

C. C. C.—You would not make anything on it. Your inability to get your own notes cashed, or to raise money in any other way, might force you to buy at a premium.

H. J. W., South Boston.—Your authority was a standard work, but as authorities seem to differ on the subject, the wager had better be drawn.

J. A. H., East Birmingham.—1. The stage of Booth's Theatre fronts sixth Avenue. 2. He is not. 3. Renforth's time in his race with Kelley was 20:15.

MEMPHIS.—1. A is entitled to three for the sequence, 7, 6, 5, and one for the go. 2. There is no game out when a tie is the count score.

GRIFFON, Philadelphia.—Dexter's fastest time, 2:17¼, was made in harness. He has no recorded time in his race with Ethan Allen and running mate, for he did not drive a heat.

A. W., Buffalo.—1. A straight flush, unless specially agreed upon before the game commences, does not beat four aces. 2. We do not know what *Bell's Life's* decision is on the point.

PENNY.—1. A letter addressed to Billy Edwards, in our care, will reach him; or you can address Billy Edwards thus. 2. We never heard of him.

A. HAND 2, Waynesburg.—It goes out first with his low; C must make the three points he gave for the pitch before B makes the one required to put him out.

READER, Richmond, Va.—Goldsmith Maid's fastest three heats of one mile were 2:19¾, 2:19¾, 2:19¾; aggregate, 6:59. Lady Thorn's, 2:19¼, 2:20, 2:19¾; aggregate, 6:58¾.

J. W. T. R., Cincinnati.—1. It procured legitimately, they both good; procured by fraud, they can be set as die. 2. He must have resided a year in the state.

J. E. W.—As full Darrow was sentenced to the penitentiary for assaulting J. Henry, of Utica, Oct. 2, 1855, he was released in March, '59, before the expiration of his term.

W. F. R.—We would give the communication would any good be accomplished by it. The arrangement should have been attempted earlier.

G. W., Wellsville.—It would be extremely difficult for a person in your locality to leave a table. We know of no one who would assume the risk.

BATEY CITY, Memphis.—That instrument could not teach you any better than any other, nor would a book be of great assistance to you.

J. C., Yonkers.—1. They are in Chicago doing nothing. 2. None. So much will be in this city from England before you read this.

CONSTANT READER, Clyde.—There is such a play as "The Taste of Leave Much's Wife."

L. Y., Newark, N. J.—The first discovery of gold in Australia was made by E. Hargraves about 33 miles from Bathurst.

A. C., Johnstown, Pa.—We have no means of obtaining the desired information.

A. & F., Baltimore.—You have been misinformed; we do not engage comedians or act as agents for any one.

NILES, Ohio.—Heenan and Sayers fought at Farnborough, Eng., April 17, 1860.

W. H. A., Ashland.—We cannot know where they have their headquarters.

W. S., Fort Wallace, Kansas.—The agents for the papers mentioned are Wilmer & Rogers, No. 47 Nassau street, N. Y.

J. H., Boston.—When a player "rouges," the adverse party adds two points to the score.

CRESCENT, New Orleans.—We have no "general correspondent;" you have probably misunderstood the party referred to.

MARY INGRAHAM, Baltimore.—She will visit your city at the close of her present engagement in Lowell.

L. D. S. R. H., Astoria, O.—Edwards fought only once when he beat Collyer.

E. K., ——.—1. You mean their position at the finish of the race? If they were over a length and a half behind, but not two lengths. 2. Louisville, Ky.—The latest turf record for a mile dash stands four minutes and a half, made by George Seward.

C. O., Wilmington, Del.—Torry records in the time allowed between the close of one round and the call of time for the next.

B. O., Springfield, Mass.—Tom King follows the occupation of a bargeman on the Thames.

W. N. C., Little Falls.—Lowell and Simmonds are no misnomers.

C. F. B., Boston.—If you are first class performers you ought to get about $25 each per week.

HARTSTOWN, Pittsburgh.—Thus far at present in this city, disregarded.

N. Y. Z.—Drop a line to Billy Edwards, in our care, stating what you desire.

E. F.—We are not in that business, and cannot give you the information asked.

MAGNOLIA, Nevada.—We are unable to inform you which newspaper has the largest daily circulation in the world.

T. C. C. Media, Pa.—A deposit should have accompanied your challenge.

MATT BROWN, Nashua.—The elephant is wintering at Florida, N. Y.

HENRY, Boston.—The advertisement will cost you $1 50 each week.

LYNN, Portland.—D can order it up, whether he has a tramp in his hand or not.

HARRY H., Horse, Newark, N. J.—1. The last championship match was between Harry Allen and Joe Goss. 2. In our opinion, he is about the best on record; it was 2:33.

J. A. S., Chicago.—We do not know where Simmons is. Write to Charley Bennett, Hoboken, N. J.

G. A., Pulaski, N. Y.—We never heard anything of the kind, and think very little of it.

L. W. S., Boston, Mass.—1. The runs made by the C's on the unfinished innings do not count. 2. Yes, at all likely. 3. Yes, Mr. Chichester. 4. Your average will be published in a week or two. 5. Very likely. 6. No. 7. Redcliff.

CLIPPER READER.—The following is a rule of the house, governing betting: B is the player who bet.

HOKEN, Cleveland.—We are not acquainted with the rules of the game. B is the player who bet.

P. F. D., Rensselaer.—A wins. The card must be put at the bottom of the pack.

W. F. W., Philadelphia.—A never at Auction Pitch except for the seller, as it is thought a hand just suits him in ordering.

W. J. McF., Mount Vernon, O.—B, having drawn his horse after he had bet, loses all his previous bets.

J. S., Wheeling, Va.—Lady Thorn trotted three heats in a race at Lexington, at Nantasket Park, this fall.

J. F. F.—Either error was rectified in time, A and C win the same ale.

UNO, Chicago.—As B allowed best three, as he wagered the word of honor, A can't go to the expense of a trip.

J. S., New Jersey.—We will answer your question in our next issue.

FOREMAN.—The average in the last game between Hawkins and Bennett was 4 balls to the average one point to the run.

J. McK., Calgo.—If wins the first game, the second has not been counted in that contingency during a four out of three.

MOSS, Troy.—We have no idea that we would be a witness of Wormald, of No. 5 Astor Place, to testify as to their age.

H. J. S., Utica.—He is still alive, but we cannot give you his present whereabouts.

PARKER, Newton.—1. Fanny was born in Vicksburg, Miss., Aug. 9, 1847. 2. We cannot tell you where Harry is.

JACK, Cleveland.—1. There is no champion banjo player or clog dancer. 2. He never made that distance, standing jump.

T.—John C. Heenan is in this city. A letter addressed in our care will reach him.

J., Memphis, Tenn.—1. We never heard of his doings, and are quite certain he did not. 2. He arrived in this country in July 1857.

S. S., Poughkeepsie.—Mr. Bismphis and Georgia Sam Spaulding are two of the best in the business.

J. A. K.—The lady is a married woman. She has separated from her husband.

G. W. W., Haverhill, Mass.—They fought to either only once.

DRAMA.—Will find space for your sketch at an early day.

F. H., Cincinnati.—Thank you. See base ball department.

HOBOKEN.—We cannot give the names to decide a bet.

JOHN S., Boston.—We have nothing of the kind on hand.

RAY, Chicago.—One dollar received.

BUFFO, Albany.—That is the gentleman's correct name.

J. K. S., Warsaw.—We know of no such work.

F. S., Quincy, Ill.—Do not give yourself any further trouble.

C. W.—He certainly is an Irishman, and nothing else.

"CRESCENT," New Orleans.—You need not send the dispatch.

J. O. B.—He is at the Theatre Comique, this city, at present.

A CLIPPER FAN, Pekin, Ill.—Dexter's 2:17¼ was made in harness.

A. L. M.—He is "stunned."

L. C.—We are not acquainted with the rules of the game.

OTTO, Galion, O.—You count nothing, and lose your play.

FRANK.—He was born in 1838.

DAVID, Utica.—Items would be acceptable each week.

W. H. A.—Nelse Seymour.

BILLIARDIST, Delevan.—You can count only what you call for.

MARSH, Cleveland.—Shall be pleased to hear from you regularly.

W. T., East Boston.—Eliza was born in Dumfries, Scotland.

LIVING AND VEILED STATUES.

The tendency of the popular mind toward bronzes and frescoes, and other inexpensive trifles in that line, has been publicly demonstrated of late in a variety of forms. Under the absurd old system a man was obliged to wait for the decision of his fellow-citizens before he could get "sculped," and he was usually peart enough to make them pay for it, but now the "subject" pays for his own memorial, defrays the expenses of the committee which he has appointed to wait on him, and lives to see the effigy "histed" to its position, and to read the opinions of the public oracles in regard to him. Generally speaking, he makes it advertise his business at the same time, thus killing two birds with one stone. For this reason we regard as exceedingly smart, in some one, the idea which has been just broached of erecting a grand memorial tablet in Roman cement to the modern drama and its founders. A gigantic series of frescoes in high relief having been executed under the auspices of leading citizens who have enriched themselves by the drama (including Mr. Fisk, who, it is whispered, paid the damages), the gigantic work was got in readiness as per announcement, and will be elevated to its position and duly inaugurated when the proper time arrives. The whole thing having been cut and dried beforehand, we have been permitted, as a great favor, in advance of any other paper, to glance at the report of the "unveiling," from which we gather the subjoined summary of "facts":—

The god of day had just emerged from his cloudy drapery of bed clothes, and after blinking once or twice and giving himself a good stretch, looked down with some surprise upon a vast concourse of citizens who had assembled in front of the Grand Opera House for the purpose of witnessing the first uncovering of this grand work, dedicated to the genius of the *stock* and buskin. A platform had been erected upon a pile of bricks opposite, on which were the committee and a large party of friends, including ladies holding buckets. (The reporter must mean *boquets*.) All the distinguished professional and financial people were there, including Mr. Fisk, Jay Gould, Esquire, Secretary Boutwell, Mr. Corbin, Edwin Forrest, Horace Greeley, Oakey Hall, Erastus Brooks, G. L. Fox, Esq., Henry W. Beecher and Mr. Bellows (a pair of clerical bellowses), Wm. C. Bryant, General Grant, Jeff Davis, Dan Bryant, Mr. White, Mr. Black, Mr. Smith, Mr. Jones, the Board of Brokers, the Board of Breakers—in fact, everybody of any distinction whatsomever. Any way, their names are down on the programme, and if they're not in their places, it is likely the public will be down on them. It is quite refreshing to see old animosities thrown overboard on an occasion so important as the present. After singing by the Elks (whose new banner, representing Fisk extricating himself successfully from the horns of a dilemma, was vociferously cheered), the orator of the day delivered an eloquent address, in which the glory of the sister arts of acting and making money (terms now considered synonymous), was duly apostrophized. "It may not be generally known," he said, "that I was originally intended—like my friend Fisk—for an actor, having begun at the lowest round of the ladder (a performing ladder in a circus), and that I look back with delight to the days when I was end man (at the spring board), and that my idea of embracing the law was first suggested by the experience acquired in the numerous suits incurred by my manager. Fisk invested *his* savings in Wall street, and between his arduous duties as a manager and a member of the Board, has had a busy time, the proofs of which you are now called to witness." After a few more remarks, he made way for the reading of the following

ODE.

Auspicious day, all hail!
All hail, auspicious Fisk!
Without this proud emantile face,
Took all the risk;
And, purely from desire
To fan the festal fire
Since, in one end the office of the Erie
Railroad, whose customers when they get dreary
Can purchase opera tickets in advance,
And see their favorites dance,
Or hear the Richings sing—
Jim Fisk's a bully caterer, by jing!

The master of ceremonies then shook his fist at a squad of brakemen mounted on the roof of a building as a signal, and amid tumultuous cries of "Hi! hi! histe that rag!" and cheers, the stucco (although it failed to relieve the public solicitude as to *who* was "stuck") was unveiled, the band of the Opera House playing the Rocky Road to Dublin. The work is a vast spread of material covering the entire face of the Opera House—the windows being pierced in the eyes, ears, mouths, etc., of the various figures. The central design is a colossal "statty" of James F., attired as Prospero, pointing down Wall street with one end of his wand, and into the principal door of the Opera House with the other. Figures of the leading professionals stand on either side, each holding a bag of gold, while front elevations are given of the Merchants' Exchange, the up-town theatres, and the Erie *depot*. Fisk's escape on a ferry boat stands out on the left. A train of cars with a locomotive is on the right. Overhead a waxed figure with the Trump of Fame is flying, holding a medallion, which bears an outspread hand with the thumb and finger projected from a nose. Bulls and bears are playing and frisking in a pasture, and in a "corner" is seen the identical shell that bucked the locomotive off the bridge." An auctioneer's hammer, a lot of socks and buskins, a leader's baton, and a variety of paraphernalia complete the accessories. The work is filled in with concrete.

If the weather should prove windy this "event" may not come off; in which case the reader will not tackle the report until it does.

AN ENTERTAINING WORK.—The literature of the country has received a most acceptable accession in the autobiography of the great showman, Phineas T. Barnum, which has lately been issued from the press of J. B. Burr & Co., of Hartford, Ct. It bears the title of "Struggles and Triumphs; or, Forty Years Recollections of P. T. Barnum," and is a narrative, forcibly written, and in which strong common sense blends with rich humor, of the varied experiences of life in many lands by a man remarkable for his shrewdness, energy and perseverance, which have enabled him to rise from an humble and obscure position in life to a niche in fame's temple attained by but few, and to command success and fortune despite obstacles calculated to completely dishearten a man of a less sanguine temperament and indomitable resolution. The carefully written story of the struggles of such a man with the fickle goddess, penned by himself, cannot but be instructive to mankind, especially the young, who have futures to carve, and this work has this to recommend it; besides which it abounds in amusing anecdotes, laughable jokes, novel experiences, etc. The wide-spread fame of "Barnum," combined with the claims of the work itself, will doubtless ensure it an extensive sale. It is handsomely bound, the typography is faultless, and it is adorned with a number of very fine engravings upon various subjects.

BASE BALL CHAMPIONSHIP.—With Thanksgiving day, the base ball season of 1869 will end. The result of the season's play places the Cincinnati club ahead of all competition and we hail them as the *champion club of the United States!* They have played sixty games since the campaign opened, and have not lost a single one. The New York championship has been going the rounds, the competition for it being between the Mutuals, Eckfords, and Atlantics, each club having, in turn, won and worn the honors, the latter just securing it in time to be counted in this season. This course of action shows an unselfish spirit among our clubs which other cities might profit by; we believe in letting the good things go round so long as they are not carried away from home. The Athletics are still the champions of Pennsylvania; not content with that, however, they made an effort to obtain the New York championship, but the Eckfords were too wide awake for them, and would not meet them while the championship was in jeopardy. So we go—each State has its champions, but all have had to succumb to the young giants of the West, the Cincinnati Club, who have well and fairly earned the title of "Champions of the United States."

PRETTY TALK.—We find the following in the Chicago *Svenska Amerikanaren*:—"Henry Ward Beecher ar utom all fraga Amerik is ryktharaste man inom det anglo brodraskapets leder." It's all very pretty, no doubt, if the beauty could only be found.

COOPS are not all that is knocked down at auction sales. Considerable cast is knocked down to cash only.

THANKSGIVING.

According to established usage Thursday, Nov. 18, has been set apart for the rendition of thanks at the shrine of the Great Deity by the nation, not as individuals, but as members of a commonwealth, upon whom have descended during the past year the blessings of His divine bounty. Regardless of the origin of this custom, we are called upon to participate in a common work without respect to our religious differences or our personal feelings, so that we shall present to the universe the admirable spectacle of an entire nation bending the knee in prayer of rejoicement for the infinite mercies extended to us, not as mere citizens, or atoms of the republic, but as a congregated people.

On Thanksgiving Day, we of these United States are called upon by our executive heads to commemorate a general festival, one in which all should participate according to the rites of his own particular religious belief, for in this, practical ceremonies are secondary to the aim to be accomplished.

Let anyone look at the history of the past year and he will find that we, as a people, have much cause for a general rejoicement. Although, as mere individuals, many among us may have drained the cup of affliction, suffering, as it is our mortal lot, privations, tribulations and sorrows, all of which we should bear as purifying our apprenticeship to the trade of life, eternal and hereafter, still, as a congregated nation we have just and manifold causes for the rendition of thanks, sincere and honest, to the King of Kings, sovereign ruler of all destinies. And it is with the idea of affording an opportunity to our people to conjoin in a general sentiment of pious devotion that the government has set apart a day whereupon we can rest from our labors, and the sweat of our brows shall be temporarily dried, so that we can perceive, in a common light, the countless blessings derived by each of us from our natural existence.

A few years back, war, with its attendant train of horrors, swept over this fair land. Carnage, death, desolation followed in its wake, spreading, like a consuming fire, over hill and valley, leaving behind naught save ruined hearthsides and aching hearts. To day the march of the devouring monster has ceased, and in the stead of the soldiers of the Destroyer has sprung up the legion of Industry, children of toil, irksome it is true, yet beneficial to our health and to our wealth, who tramp beneath the sweeter guidance of peaceful commanders. The rough music of the productive looms, the solemn notes of the resounding anvil, the semi-noiseless movements of the earth turning plough, these and a thousand of other seemingly uncouth melodies all bespeak the great chorus of an industrial harmony which leads us, and each of us unwittingly it may be, towards the pleasures and enjoyments of a national life. Let any man for a moment contemplate his personal dependence upon his neighbor, and then he will comprehend, in due serenity, the blessings of our united condition.

Thanksgiving! It is not merely the observance of a religious duty, but the season of a family worship, when the members of a broken household either congregate in person, or in thought towards its common centre, so that every man can say, I am not alone in this wide, wide world. On this day we peculiarly and enjoy the bright side of our temporal condition, and after our duty to our Creator comes those to our race, chief among which is to our parents, our kinsfolk and to our friends. It is a holiday, not of the wearied frame, but of the infranchised soul, and to be enjoyed, not by set forms or ceremonies, but in the freedom of a frank spirit.

We are aware that many persons underestimate the value of national holidays and that they regard Thanksgiving as a purely Puritanical ceremonial. In no such a narrow bigoted light, and with no such a utilitarian spirit do we regard this day of general rest, for, caring little for the source of its emanation, we look upon this season of universal repose to be not only desirable but an absolute public necessity. We do not prescribe, neither do the authorities prescribe, the manner in which the day of Thanksgiving shall be observed. Our executive heads, state and national, have simply set the day apart for a general rendition of thanks, and it rests with the citizen to satisfy his own conscience as to the form in which his thanks shall be out poured. One thing alone is exacted. On this day saith custom, with the imperative force of the commandment of old: Thou shalt not labor. We Americans have unfortunately too few days for the universal cessation of business. We have but five in the entire yearly calendar, and this of Thanksgiving is a chief one among those necessary five, and one which we trust will be respected and observed. As night was made for man's daily rest, so should holidays re-animate his animal existence with periodical slumbers of the over wearied frame.

THE DECLINING POPULARITY OF THE TROTTING TURF.

The prevalence of trickery, dishonesty and rascality on the trotting turf is a fact universally acknowledged, and to it may be justly attributed its rapid y declining popularity in public estimation. The impunity which has hitherto attended the operations of offenders against right and honor on the trotting track has emboldened them in their career of rascality, for they know that, if ruled off one course for their nefarious acts, they will be welcomed, with open arms, by a rival course, and their expulsion from the former rescinded after a short time. So powerful have the tricksters and sharpers of the trotting turf become—comprising in their numbers many of the prominent owners and drivers of the day—that the establishment of such influential associations as those of Narragansett, Boston, Prospect Park, Buffalo and others, has not been effectual in producing a reform, and thus elevating trotting in public estimation and securing its material prosperity. In the vicinity of New York we have recently witnessed the spectacle of the proprietor of a track join hands with the unscrupulous and disreputable trotting tricksters, and by unjust decisions fleece the unwary public, who had bet on the races, out of their money, which would then be divided among them. Even at meetings held under the prestige and management of such influential associations as those above mentioned, we have witnessed glaringly unjust decisions rendered, either because the parties selected to officiate as judges were incompetent, from ignorance or inexperience, to efficiently discharge the duties of their position, or because they allowed themselves to be influenced by personal or local motives in their awards. It is to remedy these evils and to restore the trotting turf to its original dignity and prosperity that the Narragansett Park association have appealed to other existing trotting associations for co-operation and assistance, and at a general convention of representative delegates, to be held at an early date in this city, to fix upon a national association and a code of uniform rules and regulations for its government, the impartial and unbending execution of which will strike at the root of the evils complained of and bring punishment, quick and certain, to the wrong doers. By refusing to allow a horse to be entered for any purse unless he possesses a distinctive name, so that he can be easily recognized wherever he may be engaged; by insisting on his pedigree, if known, being given; by enforcing the principle that the ruling off of one course shall be the signal for exclusion and expulsion from all others, and of er desirable reforms, we may hope to restore the trotting turf to its former respectability. By all means, therefore, let us have a Convention of Trotting Associations.

FEE-MALE LAWYERS.—Women are beginning to usurp men's rights with a vengeance. Not satisfied with getting up lunch routes and drinking societies of their own, they now attend medical lectures and exhibit a savage delight when assisting to slash and cut up the cold corpse of some unfortunate man. And not only this, they are beginning to practice at Court, although courting is not so new to them, after all. Away out in Iowa a Mrs. Mansfield has turned lawyer and talks out just like one of them. The strong-minded women applaud her greatly, while others deprecate her proceedings, saying that the law is not a proper calling for *Mrs. Mansfield* or any other woman, as law is not a woman's, but a *man's field* of labor, and persons of the female persuasion are out of place in it. "Our Jim" says all that woman's good for is to look at and to get up a man's victuals.

ORGANS.—Ever since Boston got up its big organ, almost everybody and everything must have its organ. Where an organ is not needed, parties insist on forcing one upon them. Now, it was only a week or so ago that some of our various State base Ball Associations had to me

that it was already off, and that Mike and Tom had probably departed for their homes in St. Louis.

APPEARANCE OF THE BUFFERS.

At two minutes and a half after nine o'clock the descendant of Erin arrived on the ground, in a big shawl and other clothing, and in-t thirteen and one-eighth seconds later the other noted pugilist put in an appearance. They both appeared in good trim, having but little surplus flesh (or money either), and bore unmistakable evidence of having been persistently observing temperance in eating and drinking, especially the former, for several hours. With this vivid description of the principals, their backers, the crowd and the grounds, we will proceed to give a full and lucid history of the famous "mill," prepared by our special sporting reporter.

THE PRELIMINARIES.

As soon as the English buffer arrived, Mac's "castor" was shied into the ring, which had previously been erected, and was soon followed by that of the competing gladiator. Both the principals were accompanied by their seconds, and a referee was at once decided upon. The fear of being accidentally stumbled upon by the police, prevented the competitors for ilstic honors from "stripping to the waist," as is usual on such occasions, but owing to their efficient training their clothes did not materially interfere with their movements, and at nine o'clock fourteen minutes and twenty-three and a half seconds "time" was called by the referee, and the pugilists "toed the scratch."

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both came up smiling and "tipped their flippers," then squared off and indulged in a little preliminary sparring, and after fruitless passages on both sides Tom got in one squarely on Mac's left peeper, slightly damaging it. Both returned to their corners.

2. Mac came up grinning, the damaged peeper presenting a mournful appearance, and was met well in Tom's corner, where more sparring ensued, Mac endeavoring to gain an advantage, and finally hitting out fiercely and grazing Tom's conk. The latter countered and put in a sockdolager on Mac's potato trap, sending the big buffer to grass. First blood and first knock down claimed and allowed England's descendant.

3. A regular stand-up give and take, both going to their corners badly damaged, but Tom having a slight advantage. The wildest excitement now prevails.

4. Tom stepped firmly up to the home plate, and waited patiently for a fair ball, then batted a short bounder to left, which Mac took and fielded home, putting Tom out at first base.

5. Both started well, and passed the first quarter almost neck and neck, Mac having a slight advantage, but from the second quarter Tom led, and came in on the home stretch winner by a full length.

6. The score now stood even, and if either gained a decided advantage in this round, a big run of at least fifty points must be made. Mac being nervous, made a miscue, and Tom run up and sent the unfortunate sport to grass by a ribroaster well played on the dark red.

7. Several foul flies were struck, then Tom passed the third quarter well up, and by a handsome run of a hundred points planted a left-hander on Mac's jug-handle, and took a high fly on the right peeper.

8. This was merely a repetition of the last, and up to the fifteenth innings neither could be considered sure of winning the game, although Tom led at the end of this heat with twenty points the advantage.

9. Mac's only hope of success now lay in making a home run, which was prevented by Tom gaining ground rapidly as the third quarter was passed, and getting under the string at least two lengths ahead, and winning the game by two runs, on account of Mac's slipping on third base and muffing a high fly which should have been pocketed by a carom on the light red, so as to rule Tom off the course at the second base. Time, 17 minutes.

O'BALDWIN SENTENCED TO PRISON.

Just before we went to press we received a telegram from James D. Shea, dated Lawrence, Mass., Nov. 15th, which states that Ned O'Baldwin has been sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment in the county jail.

A BENEFIT FOR WESTON.—The friends of Jack Weston, a notice of whose arrival appears elsewhere in this department, have tendered him a benefit, which will take place at 600 Broadway on the evening of Monday, 22d inst., and it promises to be a pleasing affair, as a number of the "lights" of the fistic firmament have, we understand, promised to lend a hand. For the wind-up Pete Maguire is announced to put on the gloves with the new comer.

ABE HICKEN seems to change his mind with every turn of the weather glass. The English papers of Oct. 30th announce that he had started for the Antipodes, his destination being Melbourne.

A MONUMENT is to be erected to the memory of the late Paddy Gill of Coventry; at least a few of his old friends and patrons have started a subscription for that purpose.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Jack Goulding, Ed. Price, George Seddon and Tim Hussey.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Memphis, Tenn., Fall Races.

FIRST DAY, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH.

The Clickasaw Jockey Club, of Memphis, commenced their fall meeting over their new race course on Monday, the 8th inst. The weather was very unfavorable, rain falling steadily throughout the day, rendering the attendance small and the track heavy.

The Inauguration Post Stake, for all ages, two miles and repeat, $50 each, play or pay, with $800 added by the club, and the second horse to save his stake, had three runners out of eight entries:—H. W. Babcock's chestnut colt, Heimbold, 3 yrs.; Bacon and Holland's bay gelding Corsican, 4 yrs., and A. Smith's chestnut horse Victory, 5 yrs. Before the first heat Corsican had the call in the betting, $100 to $80 being laid on his winning. The New York owned horse Heimbold, whom Tim Robbins brought out in splendid condition, won the first heat cleverly in 3:43, Victory being distanced, and thus completely changed the betting, which now became $100 to $50 on Heimbold. He won the second heat and race with great ease in 3:39; Corsican evidently not relishing the distance and heavy track.

The second was for the Bradley Stake, for two year olds; $25 each, play or pay, with $400 added by the club. The distance was a dash of one mile, and it was won, as reported by the Associated Press telegram, by Col. Buford's bay colt Hamburg, in 2:51; fourteen paying forfeit. As Hamburg does not belong to Col. Buford, it is quite possible that Lynchburg, who is owned by that gentleman, is the horse meant. The winner was the favorite at $100 to $50 against the field.

SECOND DAY, TUESDAY, NOV. 9TH.

The weather continued wet and unfavorable, and the attendance was very small in consequence. The Grayson Stake, for three year olds, mile heats, $50 entrance, half forfeit, with $400 added, was the first race, and the runners were:—A. Buford's bay colt Versailles; Cheatham & Wood's bay filly Nannie Douglas, and Richards & Kilgour's chestnut colt John Kilgour. Long odds were laid on Versailles, $100 to $10 being readily obtainable, and he won the first heat easily in 1:55; Nannie Douglas second. The latter ran away before the start for the second heat, going around the track before she could be stopped. Versailles won the second heat in 1:55½; John Kilgour second. The race between Grand Duchesse and Bonita was postponed on account of the bad weather and heavy track.

THIRD DAY, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 10TH.

Bad weather, heavy track and small attendance was again the luck of the association, which is the more to be regretted, as its members, who comprise the most substantial and respectable business men of Memphis, have striven hard to attain success at this meeting. The first race was for the Jockey Club Purse of $500, for all ages, mile heats, best three in five. The starters were Corsican, Big Bobtail, Victory, Grand Duchess, Abu Beker, Pat Clayburne and Carruthers. Long odds were laid on Corsican, who won easily in three straight heats, Big Bobtail second and Victory third. Time, 1:53; 1:52½; 1:52. Pat Clayburne and Carruthers were distanced in the first and Abu Beker in the third heat.

The Selling Race, a dash of two miles for a purse of $400, was won by Donovan, beating Betty Bay, second; Morgan Scout, third; Little Mac and Adelaide. Time, 3:55. Donovan had the call in the betting before the race.

FOURTH DAY, THURSDAY, NOV. 11TH.

The attendance was fair on this day, for the weather was more favorable, although the track continued heavy. The hurdle race, for a purse of $500, of which the first horse took $400 and the second $100, two miles, over eight hurdles, was won by Van Liew's Lancer, beating Waiver in the first, The Belle and Pull Cry. Time, 4:07½. Pull Cry was the favorite at heavy odds, but he fell at the third hurdle and extinguished his chance.

The second race was for the Jockey Club Purse of $800, for all ages, three mile heats. It was won by Leroy Paul's Charley Walker in two heats, beating Carrie Atherton (second), Crossland (who was the favorite, 5 to 1 being laid on his winning) and Bonita. The latter distanced in the second heat, as was Abu Beker in the first. Eddy Hafferty was ruled off the course for pulling his horse.

FIFTH DAY, FRIDAY, NOV. 12TH.

The first race was for the De Soto Stakes, for three year olds, two miles; $100 each, half forfeit, with $600 added by the club. There were ten entries, but only H. W. Babcock's Heimbold and Gen. Buford's Versailles ran. Heimbold was the favorite and he won in two heats cleverly. Time, 3:44; 3:46.

The George Elliott Sequel Stakes, for two year olds, one mile, $25 each, play or pay, with $400 added, was won by Enquirer, beating (the favorite) Hamburg, Lynchburg, Kildare and Madam. Time, 1:48.

The Green Stake, for three year olds that had never won prior to Aug. 1st, mile heats, $25 each, p. p., with $400 added, of which the second horse received $100, was won in three heats by Morgan Scout, beating Blacksmith; eight of her paying forfeit. Time, 1:51½; 1:52; 1:53.

SIXTH DAY, SATURDAY, NOV. 13TH.

The meeting closed on this day, with the only fine weather enjoyed during the week. The attendance was good but the track very heavy. The sport commenced with the Club Stake of $1,000 or a goblet, added to a Sweepstake of $50 each, play or pay, with $100 to the second horse; four miles. The runners were Corsican, Carrie Atherton, Crossland and Kitty Free; Corsican being the favorite. He, however, could only gain second place, Carrie Atherton winning in 7:35.

The Dension Purse of $250, mile heats, for the Church Home; the pool-seller adding his percentage, and the Western Union Telegraph Office its receipts, was won by John Kilgour, in two heats, beating Grand Duchess (second), Betty Bay and Pat Clayburne. The winner was the favorite.

Trotting on Long Island.

On Saturday, the 13th instant, two trots came off on the Union Course. The first was a match for $300, between S. Emmuns' brown mare Hannah and G. Allen's bay gelding Riley, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. The mare was the favorite at $30 to $20 before the race commenced, and she won the first heat so easily in 2:58 that she became a hot favorite at long odds. Riley led from start to finish in the second heat, but the driver of Hannah, making an objection on the ground of foul driving on the part of Riley's driver, the wiseacre judges, instead of giving Hannah the heat or of disbarring Riley, the offending horse, decided it a dead heat. Time, 2:52. The mare still continued the favorite at slight odds. She came in first on the third heat, but the judges gave the heat to Riley on the ground that Hannah had impeded him in the race. Time, 2:54. This decision was directly antagonistic to that given by the judges in the previous heat, although under precisely similar circumstances, and plainly evinced the partiality of these officials in their decisions. Riley won the fourth heat by two lengths in 2:58, and the fifth heat, which was trotted in the dark, by six lengths, in 2:53, thus winning the race.

In the intervals between the heats of the above race a match for $100, mile heats, best two in three, in harness, between A. H. Semmns' chestnut gelding No Name and R. Shaw's bay mare Waxy was trotted. The gelding was the favorite in the betting, and he won the first heat easily in 3:05, and the second, after a remarkably fine contest all the way, by a length and a half, in 3:02.

Sale of the Sire and Dam of Joe Elliott.

The wonderful performance of Mr. Bonner's five year old horse Joe Elliott, on the Fashion Course, where, as reported in last week's CLIPPER, he trotted a mile in the extraordinary fast time of 2:19¾, induced that gentleman to purchase his sire, Major Winfield, of his owner, Mr. Lilbern, and he has now secured him at the price of $20,000. Major Winfield is a bright bay, fifteen hands and an inch high, and is a son of Rradick's Hambletonian, out of a mare possessing a strong infusion of Margrave blood. To him Mr. Bonner purposes breeding his famous quartet of mares, Flatbush Maid, Peerless, Lady Palmer and Pocahontas, and if there is any reliance on the axioms that "blood will tell," and that "Like begets like," their progeny ought to possess speed, beauty and quality in the highest degree. Before Joe Elliott showed his 2:19¾, Major Winfield had given evidence of his merits as a sire with Mountain Boy, a horse who has never yet had a fair chance given him, and who will yet show that he is worthy of his relative, Joe Elliott.

Mr. C. Kerne, the proprietor of the Clarendon Hotel in this city, has become the possessor of the dam of Joe Elliott, having purchased her of Mr. Bogart, of Nyack. He also owns a full sister to Joe Elliott, a gelding, and the dam has been bred again to Major Lilburn, the cross having proved so valuable in the case of Mr. Bonner's young five year old.

TROTTING RASCALITY AT EASTON, PA.—RULING OFF TWO DRIVERS.—A case of rascality, now unfortunately too common on the trotting turf, was perpetrated at the recent horse fair at Easton, Pa., but has now come to light and condign punishment has overtaken the unscrupulous offenders. It appears that a horse named Dutchman, belonging to Mr. Weekes, of Buffalo, had trotted at the Rensselaer Park Meeting, and his owner then directed his driver and groom, William Brown, to take him home to Buffalo. Instead of doing so at once, Brown entered into a bargain with Peter Manee, of this city, in pursuance of which the horse was taken by Brown to Easton, transferred to Manee, who disguised his appearance, and entered him under the name of Barney Williams in three purses for 3 min., 2:50 and 2:40 horses. Brown did not appear in the matter, for Manee entered, drove and appeared to have sole charge of the horse, who was not eligible in any of the above purses. Barney Williams, *alias* Dutchman, won the first money in the 3 min. purse, second money in the 2:50 purse, and came up to be weighed for the 2:40 purse, when the fraud was discovered, as was also Brown's participation in it soon afterwards. The Easton Driving Park Association have, therefore, ruled off their course for ever Brown and Manee.

NEW TROTTING TRACK FOR NEW YORK.—The unpopularity and mismanagement which has distinguished the Fashion Course has induced a few gentlemen, residents in Westchester county, to construct a new private trotting course. It is to be a mile in length, sixty feet wide, and nearly oval in shape, and is to be located between Melrose and Morrisania *depots* on the Harlem and Albany line of railroad. The estimated expense of grading is $32,000, and the entire cost of the track will be about $100,000.

A TROT FOR A PURSE of $400, mile heats, 3 in 5, came off at the San Jose Course, Cal., on Nov. 4th, between Lady Dooley, Regulator, Fred. Low and May Queen. Five heats were trotted, Lady Dooley taking the first, second and fifth heats and Regulator the third and fourth. Time, 2:33; 2:31¼; 2:33¼; 2:32½; 2:33½.

BASE BALL.

THE SEASON'S AVERAGES.

CLIPPER CLUB, OF LOWELL, MASS.

The Clippers were organized Oct. 25, 1865. That season they played but one game, which they won. In 1867 they played 10 games, winning 9 and losing 1. In 1868 they played 14 games, winning 11 and losing 3. The present season they have played 20 games, winning 15, losing 4 and 1 a tie game, making 45 games since their organization—24 in their favor, 11 against them and 1 a tie. They have made 1,497 runs to 858 for their opponents. The following is their score for the present season.

May 19.	Clipper	30	Sheridan, of Lowell	15
June 15.	Clipper	19	Kearsarge, of Stoneham	11
July 4.	Clipper	20	Picked nine, of Leominster	27
Aug. 13.	Clipper	84	Olympic of New York	20
Aug. 20.	Clipper	58	Anderson, of Lynn	16
Sept. 1.	Clipper	16	Eureka, of Lowell	15
Sept. 2.	Clipper	15	Tri-mountain, of Boston	22
Sept. 16.	Clipper	29	Resolute, of Nashua	26
Sept. 18.	Clipper	13	Hazard (Soph. nine)	4
Sept. 22.	Clipper	24	Lizbitzet, of Salem	9
Sept. 29.	Clipper	15	Tri-mountain, of Boston	31
Oct. 2.	Clipper	17	Howard, of Cambridge	17
Oct. 5.	Clipper	23	Salems, of Lowell	11
Oct. 6.	Clipper	41	Eurekas, of Lowell	12
Oct. 7.	Clipper	9	Atalanta, of Stoneham	20
Oct. 8.	Clipper	26	Eurekas, of Lowell	11
Oct. 9.	Clipper	7	Mutuals, of Springfield	17
Oct. 9.	Clipper	19	Excelsior, of Worcester	7
Oct. 30.	Clipper	33	Clipper, of Nashua	6
Total		510	Total	393

The following are the individual averages of those who took part in nine games and over:—

	No. Games.	No. Runs	No Outs.	Av. Runs, Av. Outs
Conway	18	63	49	3-7 2-3
White	17	60	38	3-6 2-1
Whitney	18	58	49	3-3 2-7
Davis	14	41	29	3 2-1
Church	1	3	18	3 18
Carter	18	54	50	3 2-8
Temple	16	45	45	2-8 2-8
Coolidge	15	46	47	3-1 3-2
Parker	10	28	21	2-8 2-1
Boynton	9	17	27	1-9 3
Four others	15	32	33	2-1 2-1

Clean score—Whitney, 2; Carter 1; Goolidge, 2; Boynton, 1. Blank score—Whitney, 2; Temple, 2; Davis, 2; Boynton, 3; Parker, 1; others, 3.

NO. OF INNINGS IN WHICH NO RUNS WERE MADE.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Clipper	1	6	3	6	4	1	3	1	0—25
Opponents	6	7	8	8	5	5	2	6	4—51

NO. OF RUNS IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Clipper	79	57	71	72	97	65	59	47	51—510
Opponents	39	41	37	45	54	41	26	19	22—298

Largest score to a game—Clipper, 84; Opponents, 58. Smallest score to a game—Clipper, 7; Opponents, 4

It will be seen from the average that Conway leads the score, White stands second and Whitney third. Whitney led the score in '65 and '68, and White in '67.

PICKED NINE GAME.

At Philadelphia, on the 10th, a picked nine game was played for the benefit of Harry Painter, the Superintendent of the Athletic ground. The attendance was rather small, the weather being unfavorable. Reach and Radcliffe captained the two nines, and the contest resulted as follows:—

Reach.	H.	R.	In.	T.	Radcliff.	H.	R.	In.	T.
Reach, 2d b	1	3	3		Radcliff, ss	2	4	4	
Meyerle, c	1	4	4	9	McMullin, 2d b	3	2	3	5
Lovett, p	3	3	3	4	Hewbel, c	3	3	2	3
Bechtel, 1st b	2	3	1	2	Severn, p, f	3	3	2	5
Allen, ss	3	2	1	2	Rusach, l f	2	3	4	6
Dorser, l f	2	1	1	3	Tiers, p	2	1	1	2
Bissell, 3d b	0	1	1	1	Lytlebower, 1st b	3	1	1	1
Billtarr, r f	3	0	1	1	Cann, 3 l b	3	1	1	1
Condon, c f	2	3	2	4	Beckley, r f	4	0	0	0
Totals	24	19	17	29	Totals	24	21	21	29

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th
Reach's side	4	0	3	4	5	0	1	2—19
Radcliff's side	3	4	0	3	1	2	1	7—21

Umpire—Mr. Frank Mills, of the Athletics.

On the 13th another attempt was made to give Mr. Painter a benefit, but the weather was again unpropitious, and the affair was a failure. Reach and Radcliff again captained the nines, and in six innings the former scored 24 to 16.

ATHLETIC vs. EXCELSIOR.

The third and deciding game of this match came off on the 10th at the Capitoline ground. Only eight men on a side played, and the game was decided in seven innings, with the score as appended:—

Athletic.	H.	R.	In.	T.	Excelsior.	H.	R.	In.	T.
Edwards, 1st b	3	2	3	5	Thompson, lf b	1	1	1	2
Wiggins, c f	2	4	4	8	Dohrman, 2d b	4	0	1	2
Madden, 2d b	4	2	2	2	Lockitt, c f	2	0	0	0
Price, c	2	3	4	4	Thorp, c	4	0	1	1
McGrea, 3d b	1	4	5	5	Jewell, p	1	1	2	2
Noonan, s s	1	4	5	7	Chauncey, l f	1	3	3	4
Richardson, p	5	1	3	3	Bonner, 3d b	2	2	3	4
Cook, l f	4	1	1	1	Brassen, r f	2	0	2	2
Totals	21	22	28	35	Totals	21	7	12	17

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Athletic	2	11	5	0	5	5	6—22
Excelsior	0	4	1	0	0	1	1—7

Umpire—Mr. Robins, of the Powhatan Club.

THANKSGIVING DAY.—The ball tossers will take advantage of this annual holiday, which occurs this year somewhat earlier than usual, to close the season in a fitting manner. The most important meeting so far announced will come off at the Union ground, where the Mutuals and Eckfords will play. At the Capitoline grounds the Stars will meet the Osceolas, and undoubtedly the lower field at the same ground will be occupied by the ballists. The Elysian Fields, if the day prove fair, will undoubtedly literally swarm with National gamesters, who will "gambol" in the open fields and in the woods; and, in fact, wherever sufficient space can be found to swing a bat. The Gothams, we understand, will visit Newburgh, to have a friendly game with the Orange King Club, of Cold Spring. At Harlem, the Amateur Club, of Newark, N. J., will try conclusions with the Harlem Club.

DELEGATES TO THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The full list of delegates from the New York Association is as follows:—Messrs. Tassie, of the Atlantic; Voornies, of the Eckford; Conant, of the Suffolk, of Huntington, L. I.; Wil dey, of the Mutual; Glenn, of the Oriental, of New York; Dowling, of the Eagle, of New York. Cantwell, of the National, of Albany; Sheard, of the Pastime, of Little Falls, and Kelly, of the Excelsior, of Rochester.

"RED STOCKINGS" VS. ATLANTICS.—The Atlantics have tendered the Cincinnatis an offer to play them on the grounds of the latter on the 17th. This offer, however, has been declined, for the double reason that the playing contract with the nine expired on the 15th, and water has been let in on the grounds, so as to be ready for the skating season. The statement that Allison had gone to Philadelphia, contained in our last issue, was premature.

JAS. FISK, JR.—A new club named in honor of the railway king, Jas. Fisk, jr., was organized in this city on the 11th inst. by the election of the following officers: R. H. Williams, president; P. McGuicheon, Secretary; John Homar, Treasurer; R. McNally, Captain. Their first game will be played on the 18th inst., at their grounds at 65th Street.

ANNUAL BALL OF THE CHAMPIONS OF JERSEY CITY.—The champions will give their fourth annual hop on Monday evening, Nov. 22d, at Cooper's Hall, Jersey City. The reunions of the champions are always looked as among the most enjoyable affairs of the season.

CORRECTION.—In our review of the season, in last week's CLIPPER, one or two errors found their way. Instead of the Olympics, of Philadelphia, having defeated the Experts on May 15th by a score of 35 to 26, the reverse was the case, ten innings having been played.

CLUB AVERAGES.—We again call the attention of Secretaries to the fact that we are in want of their averages for the season of 1869. This notice is particularly intended for amateur clubs, as we intend to make a speciality of the non-professional averages.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Frank Burns, of the House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, purposes giving a Judge and Jury *Matinee* on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day, 18th inst., upon which occasion a new sensation trial, from the pen of "the poet Watts," will be produced for the edification of the patrons of this old established free and easy. The vocal corps will also be strengthened during afternoon and evening, and, as an necessary adjunct of the day, a mammoth chowder will be served up; likewise on the following Saturday evening. The singers now at this house embrace Mr. and Miss Barron, Mr. Clonder (pianist), Charley Morton, Ralph Watts, Courtney, Johnson and several others.

BILLIARDS.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP—DION vs. DEERY.

It was announced in our last that John Deery, intending to make San Francisco his residence hereafter, had proposed to pay Cyrille Dion's traveling expenses, in condition that he latter would consent to play the pending match for the championship in that city. We now learn that Dion is willing to play in San Francisco, but is not satisfied with the proposed defrayal of expenses. He demands a guaranty that, in case he loses the match, he shall be paid, in addition to his traveling expenses to and fro, the sum of $500 in gold. Should he win the match, he will waive the gold figures, as the stake will compensate him for loss of time and neglect of business. Dion also requires that, in case he should be taken sick or meet with any accident while journeying towards San Francisco, his opponent shall not claim forfeit. The last demand is as irregular as the first appears unreasonable, and, rather than assept to both, it would be judicious for Deery to resign the diamond cue. He can, however, do much better than resign, and in doing it need not pay his opponent's expenses. It is his privilege, guaranteed him by the rules, to select as the place of contest any one of the following cities:—New York, Brooklyn, Richmond, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, New London, Montreal, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis. In all probability he will name either New York, Chicago or St. Louis, from which cities Dion will have to select that, unless he accepted the conditions he (Dion) imposed as to play in San Francisco, he would call upon him to play in some one of the above cities between the first and tenth of December. In case Deery fails to so play, Dion adds that he will be forced to claim the cue and forfeit-money, which he considers as being his rightful property already by virtue of Deery's having neglected to encounter him on the 8th inst. It will be remembered that, in consideration of being granted a postponement of five weeks in his match with Melvin Foster, Deery agreed to play Dion not later than the 8th inst., so as to make up for the lost time.

BESSUNGER VS. WATSON.—On the 9th inst, Jack Bessunger, on his way back from this city, stopped at St. Albans, Vt., and during the evening played a match with his late opponent, S. B. Watson, for $25 a side. The game was the American carom, 300 points up, and was won by Watson with the following score:—

Watson—19, 23, 24, 43, 25, 9, 37, 71, 3. Total, 410.
Bessunger—9, 11, 7, 39, 21, 3, 8, 49. Total, 200.
Average—Watson, 33¾. Bessunger 21 7-9.

The game was witnessed by a number of persons, and so great was the interest taken in it that the friends of the players made up another match for $100 a side, 500 points. Of this latter match, which took place on the 10th inst., the Montreal *Star* says:—"Towards the close of the game a dispute arose as to the score, some of Watson's friends claiming a mistake of 50 in Bessunger's string. Watson allowed that the string was correct and the game went on, and when game was claimed for Bessunger, the referee decided that he had 50 points more to make. While doing this, Watson made two good runs, one of 118 and the other of 45, bringing his score up to 437. As we consider the decision was improper, as the score will show, we have only published the game up to the 500 points.

BESSUNGER.—101, 0, 5, 2, 19, 97, 8, 4, 0, 66, 21, 7, 2, 10, 37, 23, 51, 0, 0, 7, 12, 51. Total, 500.
WATSON.—9, 25, 15, 15, 0, 12, 0, 0, 54, 10, 2*, 0, 16, 7, 8, 22, 12, 0, 10, 0, 8. Total, 270.
Average—Bessunger, 22 9-11; Watson, 13 1-21.

PIERRE CARME, the celebrated French billiard player, who has been for five weeks very ill in New Orleans, has sufficiently recovered to be again at his post. Within the past week he has taken an interest in the St. Charles Billiard Saloon, previously owned by Monsieur Lacoumb, and the firm is now known as Lacoumb & Carme. Prof. Carme, since his recovery, has given several exhibitions of his skill. On Saturday, Nov. 6th, Prof. C. gave his first exhibition, playing with a noted amateur of that city. The game was French caroms, 300 points up, on a Phelan table, with 2¾ inch balls. The game was won by Carme in 33 innings, average 9 1-11.

On Sunday he gave another exhibition, playing with the same party. The game was a three ball game. The amateur had the first shot and made three points and then missed. Carme made his shot and it was a miss. The amateur made four points and failed. Carme now made a run of seventy-three, applauded again and again as he made shot after shot deemed, by many, impossible. The amateur's turn came again and he did not count. The game was for one hundred and fifty points. Carme, in brilliant style, won it by making seventy-seven points, and the contest closed.

Another game of 200 points was won on Monday, 8th, by Carme, in four innings, 51, 53, 55 and 53.

THE DISPUTE BETWEEN HEWINS AND BENJAMIN.—The referee in the match between Hewins and Benjamin, Mr. W. M. Fowler, has published a card explaining that his decision as to the butt stroke by Benjamin had reference to the *manner* of using the butt, and not the cue itself. His decision of foul was given because Mr. Benjamin made a push shot. After the decision was given it transpired, upon inquiry by Benjamin, that Hewins' claim was based upon the assumption that it was not allowed to use the butt at all in the French game. The referee, not being inclined to decide in two different ways upon what to the audience could appear as but one stroke, admitting of but one decision, refused to entertain the claims as to whether or not the butt could be used. He adhered to the decision already announced, and hence the protest. Hewins afterwards consented that the issue between himself and opponent should be as to whether the butt could or could not be used; and, at the suggestion of the referee, who declined to consider the claim in its new aspect, the matter was referred to Mr. Phelan. Thus the referee's ruling in the first instance was received, and consequently, except as a matter of history, all the premises, the statement of the referee has no bearing upon the matter.

THE GREEN CLOTH IN PITTSBURGH.—A game of billiards was contested at the St. James Billiard Rooms, in the City of Smoke, on the 5th inst., between Wm. Dodds, cashier at Bennett's Rooms and John Nelson, who officiates in like capacity at the former establishment. The stakes were $100 a side and the game one of 1,000 points, push shot barred, on a carom table. Dodds won by 279 points, his highest runs being 111, 90, 84, 81, 64 and 63, and his average 20. Nelson's highest runs were 64, 51, 49, 49, 33 and 31, and his average 16 9-22. The game was a very close one up to the sixth hundred, Nelson keeping ahead up to this time, but from this out fortune seemed to desert him, the balls rolling in all kinds of positions in the right pocket. On the contrary, Dodds was very fortunate and, by some very pretty playing, took the lead and kept it to the end. Considerable money changed hands, the odds being in favor of Dodds. The party losing are not satisfied with the result, and there will be, it is thought, another match. Harry Warren was judge for Dodds and Richard Stafford for Nelson; J. Kittenberger was marker and Barney Kennedy, referee.

THE CHAMPION OF INDIANA CHALLENGED.—Alexander McCracken, victor in the recent tournament for the championship of Indiana, has been called out:—

CONNERSVILLE, Ind., Nov. 3, 1869.

JOHN HUSKELE, Esq. *Secretable of the Indiana Billiard Association*—DEAR SIR.—I hereby challenge Mr. Alexander McCracken, winner of the championship cup at the recent State Billiard Tournament, to play a game of 1,500 points, according to the rules and regulations of the State Billiard Association, for its possession. In order to give validity to the challenge the necessary forfeit of $25 is herewith inclosed. I am, sir, yours, JOHN GREGG.

THE DIONS.—We give the score of a game played between the brothers Dion at their rooms in Montreal, C. E., on the evening of Nov. 10th:—Joe—3, 0, 0, 3, 9, 0, 36, 252, 9, 6, 3, 3, 0, 0, 9, 3, 0, 48, 24, 3, 78, 3, 87, 102, 12—total, 630. Cyrille—9, 90, 24, 0, 9, 9, 45, 0, 0, 81, 0, 6, 90, 0, 65, 6, 3, 69, 0, 6, 30, 3, 36, 72, 84—total, 750. Average—Joe, 27 18-26. Cyrille, 30. Joe—252, 78, 87, 102. Cyrille—90, 81, 90, 69, 69, 72, 84.

THE CHAMPION.—John Deery gave a *seance* at Hickman's Hall, Stockton, Cal., on the 4th inst., which was not largely attended. The score stood:—Little, 297; Deery, 800. Deery's highest runs were 132, 139, 107; Little's, 46, 47, 34.

NOTABLE BILLIARDISTS.—During last week Phelan & Collender put up tables for General Sherman, Fernando Wood, Recorder Hackett, Comptroller Richard B. Connolly, and Stiner, the great T-list.

MOVEMENTS OF DEERY.—At last accounts John Deery was in Virginia City, where he had encountered and beaten Albert W. Jamieson, the California champion.

PEDESTRIANISM.

TWENTY-FIVE MILE MATCH.

McETTRICK DEFEATS ODDY.

The match between Mike McEttrick and John Oddy, distance twenty-five miles, for $100 a side, 'tis said, and the gate money, was decided at the Boston Skating Rink on the evening of the 8th inst., before a large number of spectators. The men had undergone a couple of weeks preparation for the event, Jack Goulding having charge of McEttrick and James McKay, the boxer, looking after the interests of Oddy, and both were in first rate condition. John Norton officiated as referee and time keeper and started the men, who were attired in full costume, at 7.48. On the first mile McEttrick was four or five seconds ahead, but that was overcome by Oddy, who was five seconds in the lead at the conclusion of the second mile. McEttrick gained again and was some 30 yards ahead on the third, which was too much for the Englishman, for he made a spurt and came in on the fourth mile 50 yards ahead. The first five miles was made by Oddy in 47¾ minutes, being slightly ahead. On the 8th and 9th Mac was ahead, but the men were even on the 10th, which was accomplished at 9.19. They kept along together, each gaining and losing till the 15th mile, which they lapped together in two hours and twenty minutes. They continually changed positions between the 15th and 20th miles, and as one man passed the other the cheering was almost deafening. After the 20th mile the excitement became intense, the whole assembly seeming to be aroused to enthusiasm. At the end of the 24th mile Oddy was about 10 yards in advance which McEttrick knew must be overcome or he would lose. Previous to this time he had in varied five seconds to a lap of the rink, but the time for a let-out had arrived, and he improved it, passing Oddy on the last half of the last mile. They were on the last turn, and both did their best, but the ago McEttrick had made was too wide for the little Britisher, and Mac came down the homestretch, passing the judge but by three or four feet ahead of Oddy. The whole time was 3 hours 54½ minutes. Neither man stopped save to take a swallow of tea once or twice. Although the crowd were excited at times, and particularly so near and at the close, there were no manifestations of row dyism or disorder.

TWENTY-FIVE MILE MATCH.—John Haydock and James Adams

Adams consented to meet at Harry Hill's on Friday evening, 12th inst., when of course a discussion in regard to their respective powers of pedal locomotion obtained, ending in the placing of $10 a side in the hands of the proprietor as forfeit for a match of twenty-five miles, they agreeing to meet upon the following evening, draw up articles and increase the deposit. According to agreement the men, accompanied by their backers and several friends, met at 10 o'clock on the night of the 13th, when they bound themselves by articles to walk the distance mentioned for $250 a side at the Newark Skating Rink, Newark, N. J., on Saturday, 20th inst., commencing at 7 o'clock, P. M.; in case such rink cannot be obtained for the purpose, then Haydock, (who is allowed the privilege of naming the *locale*, within 5 miles of the metropolis,) is to forfeit $25 and obtain some other place, the match still going on as now made. The second deposit, of $150 a side, is to be staked not later than ten o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, 19th inst., in Mr. Hill's hands, when a final stakeholder is to be chosen and the money transferred to him by Harry, who refuses to accept the position. The referee is also to be named at this meeting. Michael Byrnes furnishes the paper for Adams, while Haydock is backed by Charles Williams.

MCETTRICK AND HAYDOCK.—We have received a communication, signed Alex. Farren, requesting that we send to him the $100 deposited with us by McEttrick for his proposed match with Haydock, but as it is against our rule to give or send money to any one but those from whom it is received, we cannot accede to the request. We have not heard aught from Mike in person, but understand that he declines to meet Haydock. The latter has withdrawn his money.

THE LONG DISTANCE HANDICAP.—The one hundred miles handicap for prizes of a silver cup and £100 to the winner, $70 to the second and $30 to the third, commences at the Boston Skating Rink on the 17th inst., starting at 7 o'clock P. M. The entries have closed with the following competitors:—Jack Oddy, W. E. McCann, Jas. Miles, J. Adams, J. L. Taylor, J. Young, W. Daniels and J. Giblin. Jack Goulding informs us that the rink has been measured, staked and roped by a surveyor, and that the track will be kept clear during the walk of all except the walkers, judges, time-keepers and members of the press. The men will contend in colors and be handicapped according to merit. As the affair takes in Thanksgiving Day, which is very generally observed by the Hubites, it is probable that considerable gate money will be received.

JAMES MILES concluded his walk of 100 hours, without rest, at Robotham's Concert Hall, Newark, N. J., at 7.20 o'clock on the night of the 13th inst. There

"BROKE."

THE TALE OF A CRUSHED ONE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY O. D. V.

The fear of Damocles of old,
The torture of Ixion,
The sad Pringle of Prometheus, or
Who else in heathen lyin'?
Were, when compared to what I've borne,
A mythological no-e—
Ye, *all* my sufferings come from one
Bad word—and that word, *Broke!*

When I was born—the date, of course,
'Twere useless quite to tell—
The first thing in this world I did,
I broke!" sat in a yell;
My relatives said that was bad,
So they watched me like weasels,
Un il through trials they ran off when
I "broke" on with the measles.

I scarce was fourteen when my fate
Her laws began first giving;
My father "broke" up house and sent
Me out to earn my living
I "broke" with my employer soon,
And sought another town
To work—but here I'd node ten miles
The darned old train "broke" down.

I prospered for awhile—you'll mark,
I put "for a while." I beg—
And bought a horse that wasn't "broke,"
And so he "broke" my leg.
This "while" was but a few short years,
For some low robbers rank
"Broke" in the bank that kept my fends,
And so they "broke" the bank

My wife, whom I hoped soon to give
To me a "little joker,"
Next "broke" my heart and "broke" her vows,
And run off with a "broker."
When some friends "broke" this news to me,
I then "broke" out and said;
He's "broke" my piece of mind—then I
Went on and "broke" his head.

Some officers put me in jail,
And, when I asked the cause,
They said in breaking that man's head,
I also "broke" the laws;
So, see could orenll such a thing,
For such a small sale;
And so when first I had a chance,
I "broke" out from the jail.

I fled then to a distant land,
Were they'd never see me more—
A little sea-side village, where
The word "broke" was not before—
I felt that place because I could
No honest labor win;
The reason being that I'd never
To their trades been "broke" in.

I tried all ways—in vain—for work,
And hunting was no better,
I tried to hang myself, but some
One came and "broke" the rope;
And now when fickle fortune's wheel
Has cast its every spoke,
I stand a helpless living man,
A living man—"DEAD BROKE."

"TENNESSEE'S" PARTNER.

A California Miner's Story.

From the Overland Monthly.

I do not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack;" or from some peculiarity of habit, as seen in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some infectious slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate." A mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baneful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name, in that day, rested so lightly upon his unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said "Boston," addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn. He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment, that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title. That he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any further than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his unshorn, serious, simple face, and to retreat into the kitchen. He followed her, and engaged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a justice of the peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and barrooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly, but coquettishly retreated—this time from Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a justice of the peace. Tennessee's partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But, to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville, without his partner's wife—he having smiled and retreated with somebody else—Tennessee's partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the canon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm, but for a certain look in Tennessee's partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical details which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up in the bar. He had grown to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In those suspicious Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on the way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words:—"And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble in Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. Thank you—and your address. Where? Poker Flat? I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business pre-occupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype—the grizzly. As the toils closed around him he made a desperate dash through the line, emptying his revolver into the crowd before the Arcade saloon, and so on up Grizzly canon; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a grey horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless; both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply "reckless." "What have you got there, Cal?" said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gambler's epigram, he threw away his useless pistol and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening hushed in Sandy Bar. The little canon was sultry with accumulated rubbish of years, and the decaying drift-wood on the bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office stood out strangely bright; and through the unfastened parts the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with recollection, passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was unspeakable, but not vengeful. The excitement consequent on the capture of the culprit was over; with Tennessee safe in their hands, they were ready to listen patiently to any defense, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defense than his reckless bardinhood seemed to ask. The judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, and, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yere game," had been his invariable but good-humored reply to all questions. The judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight" that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not certainly an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper" and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect, under any circumstances, would have been quaint and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially device of buttonless and insertionless, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet, he advanced with great gravity, and, after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandana handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steadily himself, and thus addressed the Judge:—

"I was passin' by," he began, in a spasmodic way, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gettin' on with Tennessee thar—my partner. It's a hot night. I disremember any such weather hereon the bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had resource to his pocket-handkerchief and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the judge, finally.

"That's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief "I come yar as Tennessee's Partner, knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't always my ways, but there ain't any p'ints in that young man—thar ain't any livin' man as he's been up to—as I don't know. And you see to me, I sez you, confidential like and between man and man—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I—confidential like, as between man and man—what should a man know of his partner?"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the court.

"That's so," continued Tennessee's partner. "It ain't for me to say any thing agin him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and don't like to ask it of his old partner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you—bein' a fair minded man—and to you, gentlemen, all, as fair minded men, of this isn't so?"

"Prisoner," said the judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily, "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this—Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch—it is about all my pile—and call it square?" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only over-ridden by a gesture from the judge. Tennessee laughed. And, apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the judge, and saying, "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the judge called him back. "If you have anything to say for Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showing his white teeth, and saying, "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying, "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how calmly he was refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported—with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers—in the *Red Dog Clarion*, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that mid-summer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of nature, and above all the infinite serenity that stilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between the earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly, the *Red Dog Clarion* was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse, attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart, halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting upon a rock, and wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he came for the body of the "deceased," "if it was all the same to the commit-tee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything;" he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "deceased," he would take him. "If there is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would like to jine in the fun'l—they're welcome." For it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar; perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two-thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box—apparently made from a section of sluicing—and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow and made fragrant with buckeye blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" on all occasions, save when on the down grade. The cortège included the whole population, which straggled in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road, or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had, at the outset, played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Canon—by this time clothed in funeral drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasined feet in red soil, stood in Indian file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating, in the ferns by the roadside, as the cortège went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure shelter in their hollow boughs; and the blue jays, spreading their wings, flattered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough inclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance, with the same air of simple self reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then settled down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and boulders and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he's in any condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused and picked up a fragment of quartz; pitched it thoughtfully on his sleeve and went on:—"It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on you hill and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time—why"—he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long handled shovel, "the inn's over; and my thanks and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments hesitation, prudently withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But as was agreed by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remains undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A respect inspired by his rough but manly conduct in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspension of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well meant, kindnesses, but from that day his rude health and great strength seemed to visibly decline; and with the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying:—

"It's time I go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the car'," and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling he still pursued his singular fancy:—"There, now—steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. That—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way too—all by himself sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Partner!"

And so they met.

QUEER FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—The Roman female corpses were painted. So are those of the inhabitants of New Zealand and the Polynesian Islands. When a New Zealand chief dies, the friends and relatives cut themselves with mussel-shells, and allow the blood to flow profusely, because they believe in ghosts, and that all ghosts, especially royal ones, are partial to this crimson fluid as a beverage. The body is then laid out by priests. The head is adorned with the most valued feathers of the albatross; and the hair is annointed with shark's oil, and tied at the crown with a ribbon. The lobes of the ears are ornamented with bunches of white down from the sea-fowl's breast; and the cheeks are embellished with red ochre. The brow is encircled with a garland of pink and white flowers. Mats, woven of silken flax are thrown around the body, which is placed upright; and skulls of enemies slain in battle are ranged at his feet. The relics of ancestors, which have been dug up for the occasion, are placed on a platform near his head. A number of slaves are slaughtered to keep the chieftain company; and his wives and concubines are strangled by themselves that they may also be of the party. The body lies in state for three or four days, during which time the priests keep continually near it, flourishing wisps of flax to keep the devil and his angels at a distance. Then the funeral song is chanted, and the body is finally buried, together with the favorite mats and trinkets of the deceased.

HORSE RAILROADS.—In 1855 the horse railroads of this city carried 19,728,000 passengers; in 1856, 23,153,000; in 1857, 26,126,400; in 1858, 27,901,000; in 1859, 32,889,030; in 1860, 33,455,000; in 1861, 38,274,000; in 1862, 35,879,000; in 1863, 49,412,000; in 1864, 60,328,750; in 1865, 82,282,021; in 1866, 93,907,092; in 1867, 101,429,896; in 1868, 105,500,000; and this year the number will probably reach 118,000,000. It is estimated that ten years hence city travel will be about 200,000,000 passengers per annum.

A SLAVEHOLDING ANT.—There is a kind of ant in Texas remarkable not only for keeping other ants in slavery, and employing them in public works for the community at large, but also for sowing around their settlement the seeds of a small graminaceous plant, which they afterwards reap and store away in granaries constructed for the purpose.

WHAT I LOVE HER FOR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I love her not because her wealth
Would much increase my store,
I love her not because her purse
Is fraught with glittering ore.
I love her not because her garb
Is of the richest hue,
I love her not because her eyes
Are beaming and blue.

I love her not because she dwells
Within a princely home,
Whose walls are all bedeck'd with rare
And antique tics of Rome.
Nor do I love her most when most
With gems she is arrayed;
For I—I worship not the things
Which fleeting time can fade.

I love her not because her voice
Is tuneful and sweet,
I love her not because her brows
Like heaven's arches meet;
I love her not because her lips
Are like the tractant rose,
Whose petals in the morn of youth
With peerless beauty glows.

I love her not because her breast
Is like December snow,
Nor do I love her that her hair
In ringlets flows;
For *this* I love her *in* my soul:
Her heart is *true* and *kind*,
And I—I love her solely
For the riches of her mind.

St. Louis, Oct., 1869. C. E. D.

TALKING UB BROADWAY.—No. 9.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OOFTY GOOFT.

You hafe peen doin someding mit yourself, Sharley; you look awful funny: you hafe peen geddin your hair cut, I guess, aind vou? You mused look out now dot you dond took cold. Dake off your hat und led me saw if id is a goot chob. Vell, vell, who der deose mangled your hair like dot? Vy, Sharley, id's subolled; id looks as of id vas cut mit a knife und fork. I shwear ot a Dutch barber ouid my hair like dot I vood sue him for libel. Dot's der vorst cut I ever see in life. I tell you vot you do: you nad had id cut in a hay cudder dot you vood hafe made a bedder lookin head of id. Did he put a towel on your head und cud all round id? Vell, id looks like id, any vay. Vat a bldy, Sharley, bon my vord I am mosd ashamed to go ound mit you, cause beep e vil shwear dot you chued come off "der Island." Ven ve vil ged out on der road, of any von he holters "Vat a head," dond you say someding back for your life; do you understhood? Now look out vat you do.

Here is a fine lookin berson comin along here mit dis pair of black horses in frond of dis phaeton. Dis is von of der finest lookin fellers on der road, und he always addrieds addresshon, no madder verefer he goes. Dis is George Henry Swift, Sharley, und he is a Bruce in more vays dan von. Fine lookin, good hearded, chenerous to a fault, kind, of a mosd honerable fomily standing, und he vood not make a cross vord—a herfeed gendleman in etery vay, let's no vonder dot etery von lives him und speaks vell of him. How nice id is, Sharley, to hafe beeples like you und speak vell of you ven you are alife und vell. Ain't it pleasant to hear some von say just alder you go by a blace, "Yes dot's so and so—he's der nicest feller in der coundry to-day"—ain't id nice? I tell you. After a feller is dead—a herring and he shnoots out, den id don't make a shboonful of difference vat dey say; but of dey dalk nice bond you ven you are alife dere, my son, you are monkey dorey. Everybody dot you efer hear mendshon George Swift's name always says right on der end of id, "He's a nice feller—he's a herfeed gendleman."

Dis is a poody goot deam, Sharley. I vant you to understand—you don't fery often see many dat can lay oler hed down und sdrotch, as Mister T. Thomas, der Meder of der Secondary of der Nashional Shdock Yart Combany, und a bedder accoundand I don't pelieef dere is in dis coundry. Der combany blaces der mosd imblicit (dot's a heafy vord, I'll dell you der meanin of id ven ve gid home) confidence in Misder Thomas, und he is in etery vay vordy of id. Oxcebt ven he is oud on der road, und dot ain't often, you can always find him early und late in der office of der Nashional Shdock Yart. Dere is a time dat I and Jimmy have waited for him on you hill and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time—why"—he paused and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his partner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long handled shovel, "the inn's over; and my thanks and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moment's hesitation, prudently withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandana handkerchief. But as was agreed by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remains undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A respect inspired by his rough but manly conduct in Tennessee's trial, and left only a suspension of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth, but well meant, kindnesses, but from that day his rude health and great strength seemed to visibly decline; and with the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying:—

"It's time I go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the car';" and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling he still pursued his singular fancy:—"There, now—steady, 'Jinny'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. That—I told you so!—thar he is—coming this way too—all by himself sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Partner!"

And so they met.

QUEER FUNERAL CEREMONIES.—The Roman female corpses were painted. So are those of the inhabitants of New Zealand and the Polynesian Islands. When a New Zealand chief dies, the friends and relatives cut themselves with mussel-shells, and allow the blood to flow profusely, because they believe in ghosts, and that all ghosts, especially royal ones, are partial to this crimson fluid as a beverage. The body is then laid out by priests. The head is adorned with the most valued feathers of the albatross; and the hair is annointed with shark's oil, and tied at the crown with a ribbon. The lobes of the ears are ornamented with bunches of white down from the sea-fowl's breast; and the cheeks are embellished with red ochre. The brow is encircled with a garland of pink and white flowers. Mats, woven of silken flax are thrown around the body, which is placed upright; and skulls of enemies slain in battle are ranged at his feet. The relics of ancestors, which have been dug up for the occasion, are placed on a platform near his head. A number of slaves are slaughtered to keep the chieftain company; and his wives and concubines are strangled by themselves that they may also be of the party. The body lies in state for three or four days, during which time the priests keep continually near it, flourishing wisps of flax to keep the devil and his angels at a distance. Then the funeral song is chanted, and the body is finally buried, together with the favorite mats and trinkets of the deceased.

HORSE RAILROADS.—In 1855 the horse railroads of this city carried 19,728,000 passengers; in 1856, 23,153,000; in 1857, 26,126,400; in 1858, 27,901,000; in 1859, 32,889,030; in 1860, 33,455,000; in 1861, 38,274,000; in 1862, 35,879,000; in 1863, 49,412,000; in 1864, 60,328,750; in 1865, 82,282,021; in 1866, 93,907,092; in 1867, 101,429,896; in 1868, 105,500,000; and this year the number will probably reach 118,000,000. It is estimated that ten years hence city travel will be about 200,000,000 passengers per annum.

A SLAVEHOLDING ANT.—There is a kind of ant in Texas remarkable not only for keeping other ants in slavery, and employing them in public works for the community at large, but also for sowing around their settlement the seeds of a small graminaceous plant, which they afterwards reap and store away in granaries constructed for the purpose.

TO BEEN CONDINUED.

KENO.

History of the Game and How it is Played.

As many of the young men of the cities—clerks, business men and mechanics—are "taking the chances" at Keno, the following description by the editor of the Detroit *Post* of the Keno room in operation there may prove interesting to the uninitiated:—Keno, which has in a great measure taken the place of faro, at least in the Northwest, is founded on the German game called "Lotto," a diversion or sport. It was originally intended for children, or, when carefully played, by older persons, and made some skill and calculation necessary. Gradually it was altered and amended until it has become a means of seemingly cheap, but in fact terribly expensive, gambling.

Five or six long tables in the room are strewn with thick pasteboard cards, each about 7 by 8½ inches in size, to the centre of each card is a number in large figures. This card is, in fact, the player, for, as will be seen, the rest of the game is merely mechanical as regards the men playing. There are 21 spaces or squares marked on the card—7 horizontal and 3 perpendicular. In 6 of these squares on each of the horizontal row of spaces are small figures, each space containing a number chosen at random from 1 to 200. This fills just 15 squares out of 21, leaving six blank spaces. The number of the cards issued is 200 in the room described, and each player has the large central number mentioned above registered on a board with holes for pegs, and numbered to correspond with the cards. Every player pays twenty-five cents for the use of one of the cards described, and if more than one is used he pays the same price for each additional one, and the game opens. A man on the dais, in the centre of the room, whirls a bottle-shaped wooden thing, which is filled with little balls, numbering, as is the board, from 1 to 200. At each revolution one of these balls is thrown out of this bottle and caught in the hand of the operator who cries out the number marked on it, and every card and combination of the corresponding number covers the figures with a button or check. The player who first fills a straight row of five numbers, called "Keno," is entitled to the stakes in the banker's hands, minus 25 per cent.

Placing the number of players at twenty, what are the chances of winning? They have deposited $5; a quarter each—that is, if each one of them plays one card. Of this the banker takes $1.25, leaving $3.75 to the winner. There are twenty players each holding a card with a different combination of numbers, to be covered as called. Two, three, five, six, or more players may cover a number at the same time; unless the little balls indicate four other numbers on the same line, his chances of winning are gone. So the greater number of players the less chance for winning the pool. If twenty play, the odds are nineteen to one. This would seem enormous odds, but it is not all. Out of 200 you have but 15 figures that can possibly win: that is, you have 3 rows of figures each, and one of these rows must be covered; 13⅓ chances against one! Now the odds in favor of the player are very small; if he wins he gets 15 times as much as he invested. The balance then can be fairly cast as follows:—

Odds against players	33⅓
Odds in favor of players	15
Total against chances of winning	17⅓

Yet young men and old men take this venture nightly, when in the ordinary course of business they would hesitate to risk anything at a tithe of such odds. It must be clear that they are only depositing a percentage of their winnings, which are very small at best, and that the banker cannot lose anything, but must gain. Night after night men can be seen bending over one of these fifteen figured cards, vainly attempting to calculate what combination of figures will win in the next deal, as if there were any arithmetical problem that can be solved by little balls whirling rapidly in a bottle and continually changing places.

In keno, as in faro, the chances of winning are invariably against the player, and frequently great care is taken by the operators that a player has no chance at all. A "brace" or "skin" game is often played and done in this manner:—The operator, as the balls fall from the bottle or wheel, calls out the numbers. He is invariably a professional gambler, of course, and has it in his power to call the real number or a false one if he chooses. When he desires to "work the "house cards" (and these things are sometimes numerically dealt out), he calls out the number that is on the card, and which is in the hand of his friend, and all risks by outsiders are easily taken in the "fraternity."

A VERY DARING CHARACTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "THE MODEST QUENCHER."

I've just finished a very exciting and interesting story descriptive of western life. Such another thrilling tale I haven't met with for years. The adventures are startling enough to satisfy the most vivid imagination. The principal character is such a decidedly daring personage and exhibits such a great amount of endurance and boldness that it is necessary that he should be described *in extenso*. The gentleman goes by the *soubriquet* of Slim James, the Left-Handed Trapper. He renders invaluable service to the other characters in the piece, more especially to the lovers; for, whenever they are in any very devilish position, they are always rescued just in the nick of time by the aforesaid James. As people are prone to be interested in all the little details of a hero's dress and talk, we will follow the author and examine him closely. Well, then, as to dress; he was accustomed to wear a garment—whether breeches or a frock we can't make out—made of the best quality of lion's skin, sewed together with thread made from the veins of a tiger. His coat was made from a whole panther's skin, and numerous bullet holes could be observed in it. It was ornamented with a fringe composed of tails of wild cats. His skin cap was tied to his head by a string made up of hair from Indian scalps. His face was very much bronzed, and his hair and whiskers were matted and grizzled, which, I believe, are the principal characteristics of a trapper's hair and whiskers.

His disposition was gentle and inclined to the right, although he thought nothing of killing a few hundred Indians per diem. His strength was prodigious; it was a common thing for him to grab an accursed redskin and run him for life by throwing him some twenty feet in the air. One can't help but be surprised at the extraordinary coolness displayed by the characters under the most trying circumstances. For instance, at one time the lovers were cast away on a desert island far away from any habitation and many thousand miles from any telegraph or post office. Now, we would suppose this to be a very unpleasant position, to say the least; but, evidently, it doesn't incommode the lover, for he seizes the opportunity to pop the question and is accepted by the very philosophical young lady. At another time they were compelled to take refuge in the topmost branches of a large tree, in order to escape the fury of a band of Indians who were pursuing them. In this tree they remained two days and passed the time very agreeably by arranging how they would live as soon as they were married, at the same time congratulating each other on the happy life in store for them, totally oblivious of the fact that their scalps were being diligently sought for by a few hundred infuriated savages, who would soon ruin their pleasant dreams.

The plot of this exciting story is very simple and forcibly portrays the triumph of innocence over villainy. It seems that the villain was in love with the heroine, and was, of course, the hated rival of the hero. In order to further his plans, the villain very adroitly conveys the young lady a few thousand miles back on the prairies. She escapes, but is soon caught by a band of Indians, whom the villain had roped in with in some unaccountable manner. Here, surrounded by the savages, the villain offers her his hand in marriage, threatening instant death in case of refusal. For a moment she replies not; then she slowly and proudly draws herself up to her full height, as heroines generally do. Then, reject ing his proposal with scorn, she draws herself up again and addresses herself to the Indians. She tells the man of her heart's studied grammar for nothing, and she gives them the full benefit of it. The Ind ans politely hide their clubs and hatchets, fold their arms and listen. At every good point in her discourse they grunt. Being as they don't understand the United States language, it is wonderful how they know when to grunt. She appeals to them; to their honor; to their respect for the female sex; a dim k skinned old squaw tells her she is too young. She concludes by saying that, should they attempt to hurt her, she would defend herself to the last gasp, and truth would be triumphant, or something like that.

The Indian chief rises to reply. He says in substance:—"Ugh! Me Big Indian! Ugh! No likee white gal: and pleasantly adds:—"Me cuttee off your head. Ugh!" The Indians then rise and surround her. Not at all disheartened, she produces a small pocket-knife and prepares to die on. They do come on, and her career is almost finished, when suddenly the crack of a rifle is heard and a bullet is sent crashing through the head of the accursed Indian chief, who thereupon falls dead; seeing which the Indians walk off very smartly in single file. On looking around to discover her protector, the heroine discovers a young man drop from the trees. She notices with joy that he is her lover, whom she last saw at home, a few thousand miles away. She falls a-weeping upon his neck. The villain sees him, says "Zounds!" and they clinch. Now ensues a pleasant scene. They roll over and over on the ground, tearing every opportunity to nick each other with their long hunting knives, which they carry. While they are thus pleasantly engaged, the heroine delivers a scathing rebuke to the villain, assuring him that right must eventually triumph, and, queer to say, he keeps up a conversation with her during the whole of the little difficulty on the ground. The villain finally pins the hero to the earth, and lifts his knife, preparatory to giving him the last scalp, when he suddenly ascends to the far land, and a bullet pierces the black heart of the villain. The person who fires the last shot now drops from the trees. He turns out to be Slim James, the Left Handed Trapper. He vows that he has followed that "arnel cuss" (the villain) all day, and "by Jocks" he has him now. The heroine thanks her noble life preserver in the most grammatical of ex pressions.

The lovers then rush into each other's arms for a while and then start on their long journey homeward. In gratitude to Slim James, they ask him to accompany them home, offering him the comfortable position of coachman for life. James is visibly affected by this proof of friendship, and two tears drop from his eyes. These he hastily brushes away with his honest coat sleeve, but he politely but firmly refuses their kind offer, protesting that he must live and die in that neighborhood, for his father had been killed there by the "pesky Indian varmints," and consequently he was leading a life of revenge. Here his nostrils dilated, as trappers' nostrils always do when they speak of their wrongs. Seeing that he was affected, they bid him farewell. As they turned the end of the road, they looked back and saw that his feelings had been relieved by the sorrow of the moment. Now he was, and he was busily engaged wiping the tears from his gentle eyes with the hair of half a dozen Indians' scalps, which he had "appropriated" that very day.

A GLANCE AT EUROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY A TRAVELING SHOWMAN.

No. II.—Glasgow and its Points of Interest.

We left Dublin on the afternoon of the day I last wrote to you. It was one of those lovely summer days that make a man feel glad that he is alive; we embarked in the steamer Lord Clyde, which was crowded with passengers all bound on a pleasure-seeking tour. As we steamed out of the harbor it was like witnessing a grand panorama. Dublin Bay, with its lighthouses and numerous government works; the city and harbor of Kingstown, with its adjacent hills; and the little island off the coast called Ireland's Eye, were passed in review, and soon faded away in the distance; and the last glimpse we had of old Erin was the Hill of Howth. And every Irishman swears by it. The sea was like a polished mirror and there were no signs of sickness among the numerous passengers. The length of the days in this latitude is very remarkable; it was between nine and ten o'clock in the evening before it grew dark, and it was day-bre ak at three in the morning. There was very little sleep done

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

THANKSGIVING TREAT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ON THE SQUARE.

I leave the roasted lar of lamb
To tender tastes than mine;
On saddle flock, or festal clam,
Or game, I will not dine.
The oleaginous stew, chop or steak,
But vainly intervene
To tempt me from my choice—I'll take
A plate of pork and beans.

I'll tell thee why Thanksgiving Day
Brings me no dearer zest—
Why needless 'tis (for me) to slay
Fat cattle, fowl or fish.
However choked, I can but sigh,
And think upon my means—
The squarest meal a dime will buy
Is one of pork and beans!

CONUNDRUMS.

WHAT instrument of war does the earth resemble? A revolver.

WHY is a flatterer like a microscope? Because he magnifies small things.

WHY is the tongue of scandal like a bad mirror? Because it casts bad reflections.

WHY are plain spoken people like a knife that won't cut? Because they are blunt.

WHY does the conductor at a concert resemble the electric telegraph? Because he beats time.

WHY is a dog with a broken leg like a boy at arithmetic? Because he puts down three and carries one.

WHY may not the proprietor of a forest fell his own timber? Because no one is allowed to *cut* when it is his own *dead*.

WHAT is the difference between an overcoat and a baby? An overcoat is what you wear and a baby is what you was.

BREVITIES.

DIFFICULTIES are only occasions for the development of talents.

TO BE, we have only to resolve; determination creates ability.

THE rays of happiness, like those of light, are colorless when unbroken.

EXCUSES, or even just reasons, for the thing being left undone, do not *do* it.

ATTENTION is the duty we owe to others; cleanliness that which we owe to ourselves.

OPINIONS grounded upon prejudice are always maintained with the greatest violence.

He that can please nobody is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

IN character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

THE man who makes an impression on the heart of a coquette must be a marble worker.

TRUE joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out who take laughing for rejoicing.

THE class of persons who are said to be the "sweetest" on their patrons are supposed to be the confectioners.

LAW is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

NOTHING petrifies the feelings like ambition, for it combines a rampant love of self with a ferocious hate of others.

NOTHING makes one so indifferent to the pin and mosquito thrusts of life as the consciousness of growing better.

"DID you enjoy your visit to your cousin, Martha?" "Indeed, I did, ma'am; it was as good as a funeral all the time!"

THE saying that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving," is supposed to apply chiefly to "kicks, medicine and advice."

HE is not worthy of the name of a poet who would not rather be read a hundred times by one reader than once by a hundred.

A FEAST OF IMAGINATION.—When your stomach is empty and your pocket also, sit down near a hot fire, and read a cookery book.

IT is a question worthy of careful investigation, whether a person whose voice is broken, is not all the better competent to sing "pieces."

A MISSISSIPPI editor, in praising a favorite candidate, says:—"He is as fine a fellow as ever lifted a hat to a lady or a boot to a blackguard."

COURTING is an irregular active transitive verb, indicative mood, present tense, third person singular number, and agrees with all the girls—don't it?

THE ADVANTAGE OF CHANGE.—A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings wrong side outward. "Because," said he, "there's a hole on the other side."

"MY son," said an old man, "beware of prejudices; they are like rats, and men's minds are like traps; prejudices get in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out."

A STUMP speaker, in dealing with the "modern physical degeneracy of women," exclaimed:—"We must take good care of our grandmothers, *for we shall never get any more.*"

MEN are more intensely selfish than women. There are infinitely more instances of devotion, and of entire surrender of their own interests at the shrine of affection and duty in the annals of women than of men.

MERRY MOMENTS.

AN AWKWARD TRANSPOSITION.—A writer, in describing the last scene in "Othello," has this exquisite passage:—"Upon which the Moor, seizing a bolster full of rage and jealousy, smothers her."

DON'T VOTE.—An intelligent gentleman from Germany, who, on his first visit to an American church, had a contribution box with a hole in the top presented to him, whispered to the collector, "I don't got mein papars and can't vote."

GOT A BITE AT LAST.—An old gentleman was sitting upon the brink of a river, fishing most patiently. Suddenly a vicious little dog stole up behind him and gave him a spiteful snap through his pantaloons. "Whew!" exclaimed the old fisherman, "I've got a bite at last!"

A NECESSITY.—A short time since a surgeon was called in as a witness for the purpose of proving damages upon an action of assault. He deposed that he had bled the plaintiff; and being asked if bleeding had been necessary, candidly answered:—"*We always find it necessary to do something when sent for.*"

A VERY GOOD REASON.—A missionary among the freedmen in Tennessee, after relating to some little colored children the story of Ananias and Sapphira, asked them why God does not strike everybody dead who tells a lie, when one of the least in the room quickly answered, "Because there wouldn't be anybody left."

KNEW MORE THAN THE NEXT.—An intolerable bore, having talked a friend nearly out of his senses, finally struck out on "the oyster," which he called "one of the most remarkable specimens of creative wisdom extant," when his friend interrupted him, and "closed the debate," with the exclamation, "The d——l you say, yes, the oyster is a glorious fellow: *he always knows when to shut up!*"

HEALTHY.—A traveler in Georgia, down among the rice swamps, observing the sallow, sunken-eyed, emaciated appearance of the inhabitants, asked one of them if the climate was unhealthy. "Wall, no," replied the sickly looking fellow; "taint *unhealthy*; we have the fever and ague *all the time* in these parts; but then we *enjoy a powerful undertow of health, which beats the ague all to nothing.*"

SOME OTHER BODIES.—A Dutchman once met an Irishman on a lonely highway. As they met each smiled, thinking he knew the other. But, on seeing his mistake, remarked, with a look of disappointment:—"Sheutlh, any I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an it's naythor of us." The Dutchman replied:—"Yaw, dat ish dhrue; I am anuder man, and you is not yourself. We be both some other bodies."

A GOOSE SUCKER.—A Waterbury "infant," named Freddy, went to his mother one evening and inquired:—"Mother, what is a goose sucker?" His mother said he mustn't ask such questions, but Freddy persisted and was finally sent to bed, to say his prayers by himself, instead of on his mother's lap as usual. So Freddy prayed:—"God bless papa and mamma and baby, but as for me, I'se been a bad boy and *I guess I'm a 'goose sucker.'*"

NAUTICAL WANTS.—A rock from the reef of a top-sail. A cry from the throat of a fore-sail. A bone from the back-stays. A whisker from the dead-eye. A whisker from the cat-head. A diamond from the ear-ring. An oar from the galley. A wheel from the truck. A ribbon from the bonnet of the jib. A stone from the fore castle. A pallet from the main-hatch. A kiss from the binnacle. A hand from the starboard watch. A belt from the waist. A brush from the painter. A laugh from the jolly-boat. A frown from the stern-davits. A ride in the gig. A pair of shears from the cutter.

THREE brothers, bearing a remarkable resemblance to one another, are in the habit of shaving at the same barber's shop. Not long ago one of the brothers entered the shop early in the morning, and was shaved by a German who had been at work in the shop only for a day or two. About noon another brother came in and underwent a similar operation at the hands of the same barber. In the evening the third brother made his appearance, when the German dropped his razor in astonishment and exclaimed:—"Vell, mine Gott! dat man hash de fashtest beard I never saw; I shaves him dis mornin', shaves him at dinner times, and he comes back now mit his beard so long as it never vash!"

AN INCIDENT NOT IN THE BILLS.—A theatrical manager in a back town in Australia recently hit upon a novel expedient to give additional effect to a new piece, the sensation of which hangs upon a cannibal report. Not to be outdone in enterprise, he engaged four black fellows from up the country, who were communicated with by signs as to the nature of the performance required of them. The audience were in a state of great anxiety to see the aborigines, but were truly horrified, no less than the actor-in-chief and all the rest, when the four black men set upon the prostrate hero of the drama, and instead of going through the cannibal performance in fun, went at it in earnest the first native biting the hero ferociously in the calf of the leg. The play was stopped by the hero howling, and the cannibals were sent home with expedition.

BASIS OF ARTIFICIAL GEMS.—The basis of all artificial gems is said to be a mixture of one and a half ounces pure quartz sand, six drachms of pure dry carbonate of soda, two drachms of calcined borax, one drachm of saltpetre and three drachms of pure minium, or red lead. These, melted together with certain precautions, form a clear transparent glass, of brilliant lustre, which is melted with various coloring matters, to imitate different precious stones and ground. Thus, a sapphire is produced by adding to the above ten grains of the carbonate of cobalt; aquamarine, or beryl, by two grains of oxide of iron; an amethyst, by four and a half grains of carbonate of manganese; a gold topaz by thirty grains of yellow oxide of uranium, &c. The colorless glass furnishes an excellent imitation of the diamond.

A POMPOUS fellow made a very inadequate offer for a valuable property, and, calling the next day for an answer, inquired of the gentleman if he had entertained his proposition? "No," replied the other, "your proposition entertained me."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO GROTE, St. Kitts.—Many thanks for your kind remembrance; we will examine and report upon that solution. You may expect a reply by mail.

EVENING BULLETIN.—Have received notice, but not the letter. Nov. 9 is.

CHAS. FOSTER.—Welcome back! but how from Brooklyn? Your 3-move solution of No. 694 shall be laid before "him of C. I.," next week. Good! We hope this "terrific consumption of mental chemicals" will only serve to replenish and reinvigorate your stock in trade.

G. F. Q.—Please accept our thanks for the valuable chess slip.

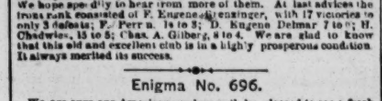
GEO E. CARPENTER.—In Brown's No. 694 R was the Rook at Q R 8th that should have been Black. Lucilly the stipulation showed that one of them should be Black.

SLIM JIM HUNTS.—You give Black no defence in your proposed solution of No. 691. How is he to Capture White B with R—or even P?

CHESS TOURNEY.—In the tourney under successful way in the Brooklyn C. C., the leading games are all of old and valued friends. We hope speedily to hear from more of them. At last advices the truss rank consisted of F. Eugene Steininger, with 12 victories to only 3 defeats; F. Perrin, 10 to 5; D. Eugene Delmar 7 to 0; H. Chadwick, 15 to 5; Chas. A. Gilberg, 8 to 4. We are glad to know that this old and excellent club is in a highly prosperous condition. It always merited its success.

Enigma No. 696.

We are sure our American readers will be pleased to see a fresh problem from the veteran composer.
PAUL LOQUIN.



White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 696.

BY GEO. F. CARPENTER.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play and give mate in two moves.

Game No. 696.

The eighth *partie* of the Elson-Whiteman match.—*Bulletin.*

HOLLANDISH OPENING.

Attack. Mr. Elson.	Defence. Mr. Whiteman.	Attack. Mr. Elson.	Defence. Mr. Whiteman.
1..P to Q 4	P to K B 4	25..P to K R 4	Q to K B
2..P-K 4	B P × P	26..R P × B	Q × B P
3..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	27..Q × Q	K R × Q
4..Q R-Kt 5	P-K 3	28..Kt 2d P × P	Kt P × P
5..Q Kt × P	K B-K 2	29..K R × P	K R-K B sq
6..Q B × Kt	K B × B	30..P-Q R 3	K R-B 8
7..K Kt-B 3	Castles	31..Q R × R	Q R × R
8..K B-Q 3	P-Q 4	32..K-Q B 2	K-his Kt 2
9..P × P	Q Kt-B 3	33..K R-K B 4	K-K B 3 (d)
10..P-Q B 3	P-K 4	34..K R-Q 7 +	Q R-B 2
11..Q P × P	K B × P	35..K R × R +	K × K R
12..Q-her B 2	P-K R 3	36..K-Q B 3	K-his B 3
13..Castles, Q R	Q B-Kt 5(a)	37..K-Q B 2	P-Q R 3
14..K B-K 2	Q R × Kt	38..K-Q 3	K-his 4
15..K B × B	Q Kt-K 2	39..K-his 3 (e)	P-Q B 4
16..K P × sq	K B-K 3	40..P-K Kt 4	P-Q Kt 5
17..K R-K B	P-Q B 3	41..K-his B 2 (f)	P-Q 5
18..Q R-K sq	Q-her B 2	42..B P × P +	K × Q P
19..Q-K 2(b)	Kt-K Kt 3	43..P-K Kt 5	K-Q 3
20..Kt-K 4	Kt-K B 5	44..P-K Kt 6	K-Q 4
21..Q Kt × Kt	Q × Q Kt +	45..P-K Kt 7	K × Kt P
22..K-Q Kt sq	P-Q R 4	46..P-Queens	P-Q Kt 4
23..P-K Kt 5	Q-K B 4	47..Q-Q 5	K × R P
24..K-Q R sq	B-K Kt 4(c)	48..Q × B P +	P-Kt 5, and

Mr. Elson gives mate in six moves.

(a) To this point the game is like the 6th.
(b) 19..Kt to K B 3 is of no utility.
(c) B × B + would involve the loss of a piece for three Pawns.
(d) R to B 2 draws the game. The conclusion is an admirable piece of Pawn play.
(e) P to Q B 4 also forces the game, *e. g.*:—39..P to B 4, P to Q 5; 40..P × B 5 K to Q 4; 41..P to K Kt 4, and wins.
(f) And the Deacon in reality resigned; but Mr. Reichheim suggests the rest as what might have been a continuation.

"As to beauty, it would be difficult to find in any of Morphy's 'blindfold' performances a more charming little game than the one below—one of *ten*, played by Mr. Blackburne in this manner at Kidderminster."—*Era.*

CENTRE GAMBIT.

Blackburne.	Amateur.	Blackburne.	Amateur
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..B-K 3	Q × K P
2..P-Q 4	K P × P	13..Castles	P-K R 3
3..K B-B 4	P-Q 3	14..K B-K 8	Q B-K 3
4..Kt-K B 3	Q Kt-B 3	15..K R × Kt(g)	K P × R
5..P-Q B 3	Q B P × P	16..K R × R	Q R × R
6..Q Kt × P	Q Kt-K 4	17..Q R-Q 7 +	K-Q 3
7..K Kt × Kt	K-his 4	18..Q-K B 7 +	K-Q 3
8..K B × P +	K-his 3	19..Q × Q B +	K-Q B 4
9..Q B-Kt 5 +	K Kt-B 3	20..Q-B 3 +	K-Q Kt 5
10..Q-K R 5	P-Q B 3	21..Q × K B P	K-Q Kt 4
11..Q-R sq	Q-her B 4	22..P-Q Kt 4 +	K B × P
12..P-K B 4	Q-her B 4	23..K R-Kt 6 +	R P × B
		24..Q × Q R, mate.	

(g) A remarkable proof of the accuracy of Mr. B.'s mental vision. A majority of very good players, with the board before them, and only one game instead of ten to manage, would check with Q R now, instead of capturing the Kt. Yet the former move would lose the game as surely, almost, as the latter wins.

CHEQUERS.

Game No. 28.—Vol. XVII.

BETWEEN MESSRS. WYANT AND MOREOW.
SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Wyant.	White. Morrow.	Black. Wyant.	White. Morrow.
1..11 to 15	22 to 18	21..12 to 19	3 to 7
2..15 22	25 18	22..19 23	14 8
3..8 11	29 25	23..11 15	8 11
4..4 8	32 29	24..15 18	11 15(d)
5..6 15	31 D'(a)	25..7 2	15 16
6..16 23	26 19	26..17 26	16 16
7..10 14	27 23	27..26 23	16 12
8..8 11(b)	19 15	28..23 27	12 8
9..5 8	15 10	29..7 10	24 20
10..6 15	23 17	30..27 32	20 16
11..15 22	17 5	31..10 15	16 12
12..22 25	24 20	32..15 19	8 3
13..25 29	27 19	33..32 27	12 8
14..29 25	21 17	34..27 23	8 4
15..25 21	17 13	35..24 17	3 8(e)
16..9 14	31 26	36..19 24	26 19
17..14 18	33 27	37..23 26	8 12
18..18 22	26 17	38..16 11	12 8
19..21 14	17 9(c)	39..17 22	8 15
20..14 17	19 15	40..5 9,	and wins.

(a) A departure from the books.
(b) 9 to 13 is stronger play.
(c) with a view of giving freedom to his King.
(d) Better to have saved the Kings.
(e) 4 to 8 would have given White a good chance for a draw.

Solution of Position No. 53.—Vol. XVII.

BY "EDWARD."

White.	Black.	White.	Black
1..28 to 24	19 to 28	3..22 to 17	15 to 22
2..15 10	6 15	4..17 3, and skunks.	

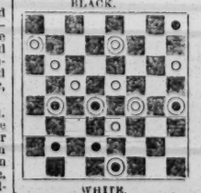
Solution of Position No. 54.—Vol. XVII.

BY R. C.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..2 to 7	26 to 19	6..30 to 5	29 to 25
2..7 11	15 8	7..9 9	25 22
3..12 16	19 12	8..9 6	22 14
4..9 24	23 19	9..6 9	18 15
5..27 23	19 26	10..9 6, and wins.	

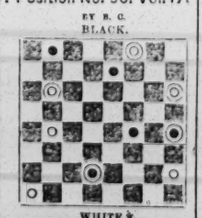
Position No. 55.—Vol. 17. Position No. 56. Vol. 17.

BY M. WARDELL.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

BY R. C.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

THE GAME OF FIVES.—The concluding match to decide the championship at fives and a stake of £100, between Thomas Kelly, of Tow Law, and Robert Sotheron, of Wingate, was played on the 23d ult., at the Victoria Hall Alley, Willington, England. The conditions of the home-and-home match were 31 chalks each game, the gross score to count. The first match was contested at Wingate, Sotherton scoring 31 to his opponent's 25. Robert Carr attended upon Sotherton and Thomas Simpson esquired Kelly. On commencing play three innings were got over without either scoring, the play of each being excellent and the excitement immense. In the fourth innings Kelly chalked 2 and the betting at once veered round to 5 to 4 on him, with plenty of takers. Kelly increased his score to 10 in seven or eight innings before his opponent broke the ice, the game being then called Kelly, 10; Sotheron, 1. Kelly then chalked 3, his opponent increasing his score to 2, and although Sotheron added another couple and the game was called 13 to 4, his friends did not respond to the loud offers of 2 to 1 on Kelly, who then added 4 and 3 to his credit, while his opponent made 2, the game being called 20 to 6. Kelly then played up to 29 before the Wingate man scored again, when he chalked 3, and the home player then scored the 36 required to finish the two games. The following was the gross score on the two games:—Kelly, 62 chalks; Sotheron, 40. Kelly thus won. The spectators numbered nearly 5 000 during the match. On receiving the money Kelly threw down a challenge to play any man in the world a match at fives on the same terms.

BIG MARKET.—New York is to have a market worthy of the name at last. A company of gentlemen are about to put up a colossal building to be known as Manhattan Market. It is to be 200 feet by 800, occupying the entire block between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth streets and Eleventh avenue and the North river, comprising about eighty city lots. Work is to be commenced about the first of next July, plans for the building having already been submitted and adopted. It is to be of the Byzantium style of architecture, and the whole cost is estimated at about $1,000,000.

OUT OF DEBT, OUT OF DANGER.—Live within your means; or in other words, regulate your expenditure by your income. If you manage well, you may, however small your income, pay every one and yet have a surplus for your future wants. To do this, never obtain credit. Long bills are ruination; you must pay a higher price for everything and frequently have to pay for that which you never had. Pay ready money or settle every week; by this means all mistakes will be rectified and your tradesmen will treat you better.

THE TURF.

AMERICAN TURF.

Trotting on the Fashion and Union Courses, L. I.

During the past week the lovers of trotting had abundant opportunities of witnessing their favorite sport, for a great many matches and sweepstakes were trotted on the Long Island tracks. On Monday, the 8th inst., three races were announced for decision on the Fashion Course. The first was a match for $500 (as alleged in the advertisement announcing it, but in reality it was only for $250), between John Murphy's (Mr. Crowe's) grey gelding Jocko, and Thomas Johnson's black mare Lily; mile heats, three in five, to wagon. Both horses came upon the track, but, after scoring, the black mare was found to be so rank and unmanageable that her owner withdrew her and paid forfeit of the whole of the stakes.

The second race was a match for $500, mile heats, best three in five, between William Lovell's roan mare Village Girl, to 100 lbs. wagon, and Mr. Noble's black gelding Dan, in harness. Village Girl is a handsome young roan mare, with fine action; she was sired by McRobert's Canadian stallion Sarsaparilla out of a well bred mare. Although Mr. Lovell (who also owns American Girl) has only had her three weeks, he is evidently determined that she shall earn her hay and corn, for this is the second match she has been engaged in since he got her. In this race she was the favorite at $100 to $50, and she won the first heat by half a length in 2:45¾. There was no betting on the second heat, although $100 to $20 would have been laid, Village Girl winning, after a capital struggle up the homestretch, by a length in 2:46¾. She won the third heat and race in 2:45¼—capital time when the heavy mile that swept across the course is considered. Mr. Lovell immediately matched Village Girl against Lady Murphy for a race of mile heats, the former going to wagon and the latter in harness, for $200.

The third race was a match announced to be for $1,000 (!) but, in reality, for nothing except what could be extracted from the pockets of outsiders in the way of betting, between John Murphy's chestnut mare Louise and John Doty's bay mare Topsy, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. These two horses have trotted several times before, each winning when the odds laid made it most profitable to do so. Louise, in consequence of having won the last match very easily, was a great favorite, $100 to $40. The first heat was well contested, Topsy finally out-trotting Louise up the homestretch, carrying the latter to repeated breaks, so that she crossed the score on a run only a throat latch before Topsy. Notwithstanding this, to the surprise of every one, the proprietor of the track, who was the only judge in the stand, gave the heat to Louise. The odds now became $100 to $20 on Louise, although there ought not to have been any such betting. If the race was on the square. The favorite, although she broke several times, kept the lead all the way, doing considerable running at times, and crossing the score on a break only a neck ahead. Every one thought that Topsy, who had trotted squarely throughout, would have been awarded the heat, but again was the judge's flat in favor of Louise; time 2:49½. The betting now became $100 to $10 on Louise, and although Louise broke and run to such an outrageous extent, as well as driving foul, that she ought to have been declared distanced, she was not able to beat Topsy to the score; the latter winning the heat by half a length in 2:37¾. One hundred to twenty was still laid on Louise winning, but she had evidently tired, and behaved so badly by breaking and running that the judge gave Topsy the heat by half a length in 2:50½. Darkness was now coming on, but still enough could be seen for the deciding heat. Louise, as before, raced badly, and ran repeatedly, crossing the score on a break half a length in front, but the heat and race was given to Topsy, as it ought to have been after the second heat. Time, 2:47. Such matches as this are calculated to ruin trotting, and the proprietor of the Fashion Course ought to frown down, instead of sanctioning, such horseface affairs. The *New York Herald*, in its report of this race, justly remarks:—"The utility of the track as a test for the improvement of the trotting horse cannot be maintained so long as men of the stamp that were engaged in the nefarious work observable in this race are tolerated. There is no safeguard for honorable men where they are."

On Friday two trots came off on the Fashion Course. The first was a match between James Murphy's b m mare Lady Murphy, in harness, and William Lovell's roan mare Village Girl, to wagon, mile heats, three in five, for $300. They had previously trotted a match, the Girl to wagon and Lady Murphy under saddle, the latter winning easily. In this race she was equally successful, for she won the first heat in 2:43, the second in 2:38, and the third in 2:40. She was the favorite in the betting before the start, and the odds increased on her after each heat.

The second race was a sweepstakes of $300, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, and was one of those disgraceful affairs which now so frequently occur on the Fashion course without the proprietor making the slightest effort to prevent or repudiate them. Probably the fact that he is about to give up the management of the track, and is consequently perfectly indifferent about its character, will account for this. The horses entered were W. Lovell's bay gelding Big Jim, driven by Ben Daniels; R. Og e's sorrel gelding, Pet, and J. Eckerson's bay ge ding, Captain Smith, driven by John Murphy. The same horses had trotted before a race of seven heats, Captain Smith coming out the winner. In this race, he was the favorite, being backed against the field, in consequence of his previous victory. All these trots seemed to be arranged on the principle that the horse that is lowest in the betting shall win, and it is doubtful if any money, except what can be got by the fleecing of outsiders, is at issue on the result. On this occasion there was a great deal of money bet. Big Jim won the first heat in 2:40, Captain Smith layin up for the heat, and the struggle being between Jim and Pet. Notwithstanding this, Captain Smith was the favorite at odds on him against the field, but Pet won the second heat in 2:32. Captain Smith still remained the favorite at odds, and the betting men began to drop to the little game of the parties interested. The third heat was won by Pet in 2:43½, with Captain Smith second, and the backers of the latter looked unutterable things at the appearance of affairs. One hundred to ten was laid on Pet winning, and a change of drivers behind Big Jim ensued, Leonard, an amateur driver, taking Ben Daniels' place. In the fourth heat Jim run all the way, crossing Pet repeatedly during the race with the evident intention of preventing him winning. Pet also ran so much that he ought to have been distanced, equally with Big Jim, and the heat given to Capt. Smith, who had trotted pretty squarely. A row now ensued, the backers of Capt. Smith contending that both Pet and Big Jim should be distanced, for the latter had palpably tried to run into Pet besides running nearly all the way. The judges, however, gave the heat and race to Pet, and declared all bets on the race to be off. The time of the fourth heat was not taken. The language used on this occasion was such as to thoroughly disgust every one, except the participants, with the trotting track.

On Tuesday, the Union Course, on the 9th inst., a sweepstakes trot for $100, among four horses belonging to farmers on Long Island, came off. The race was mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, owners to drive, and the entries were Tom McGuire's bay mare, Lady Wax; John Conklin's black mare, Rosedale; Charles Lott's brown horse, Harry, and C. Van Winkle's black stallion, Black Crook. Lady Wax was the favorite at $100 to $30 against the field, and she won easily, Rosedale taking the first heat. Time, 3:14½; 3:06; 3:09; 3:03.

Races at Baltimore.

The fall meeting over the Baltimore Club Park commenced on the 9th inst with a trot for a purse of $1,000—$650 to the first horse, $250 to second, and $100 to third; mile heats, three in five. A. J. Heard entered b g Goshen; J. H. Birch, b g Arion, and A. G. Pfeffer b g Moses. The first heat was won by Moses in 2:36½, the second by Arion in 2:30, the third by Goshen in 2:41, and the fourth by Moses in 2:42. Darkness intervening, the remaining heats were postponed till the day following. It was resumed on the 10th, when the fifth heat was won by Goshen in 2:37¼, the sixth by Arion in 2:33½, the seventh by Moses in 2:38. Moses was declared the winner of the race.

The race for the purse of $1,500, for horses that never beat 2:35, in harness or wagon—$900 to the first horse, $450 to the second and $250 to the third—came next. The first heat was won by W. H. Horst's b g John J. Bradley, Jr., in 2:24½; the second by W. H. Doble's g g Hops, in 2:24½, Bradley coming up to the score a neck behind. The third and fourth heats were declared "dead" Hops and Bradley scoring at the same instant. The third heat was made in 2:31¾ and the fourth in 2:32¾. Darkness prevented the race from being finished, and the remaining heats were postponed. It was concluded on the 11th, Star of the West being withdrawn. Four more heats were trotted, Fannie Allen winning the first, Bradley the second and fourth, and Hapo the third, Bradley thereby winning. Time, 2:37; 2:33½; 2:37; 2:37. Previous to the race Bradley was the favorite, 3 to 2.

The third contest was for a purse of $2,000, for all horses, mile heats, best 3 in 5, for which there were three starters, viz:—Goldsmith Maid, George Wilkes and Holspur. The former won in three straight heats, Wilkes second in each. Time, 2:27½; 2:26¾; 2:26. Bashaw, Jr. and Fannie Allen were also entered for this race, but were spared the spurt, which closed with a fuss between Budd Doble and Jerry Bet and Johnson's b s Patchen, Jr., for $1,000, mile heats, 3 in 5. The former won, taking three successive heats. Time, 2:36; 2:34; 2:41.

A Ride of Two Hundred Miles.

On the 21st ult. a two hundred miles' ride, for a purse of $1,000 and the champion medal of California, came off over the Bay View Course, near San Francisco. The riders were William Walsh and Ned Mowry, both of whom have made most astonishing rides, and claimed the championship. Each man had twenty horses, with a reserve of five, which were to be called into requisition only in case anything should happen to any one of the twenty. The ride commenced at ten o'clock A.M., and during the first two hours the prospects of Walsh were decidedly favorable. He rode with ease and grace, and his animals appeared to have more speed than those of his antagonist. Mr. Mowry, however, was strategic; he brought out his poor animals first, and reserved his best for the final contest. He, too, was a graceful rider, sitting a horse with as much ease as if he had been born in the saddle. The betting was about even, and very light, as those present thought it too early to calculate the chances with any degree of certainty. At the end of the fortieth mile, while changing horses, Walsh fell, injuring himself slightly, and causing a delay of about two minutes, during which time Mowry rode nearly a mile and closed the gap that had been made. Nothing particular occurred during the three or four hours following. At this time Walsh was considerably ahead, and his friends felt certain that he would win with ease. During the latter part of the ride, however, Mowry used his best horses, and rapidly bridged the distance between his antagonist and himself, and came in on the home-stretch nearly a mile ahead, making the entire two hundred miles in eight hours, fifty-eight minutes, and forty-five seconds, beating Walsh one minute and thirty seconds. The best single mile was made by Walsh, in two minutes and ten seconds. We understand that the friends of Mr. Walsh claim that he would have won the race if he had not fallen at the end of the fortieth mile. This claim may lead to another contest.

FIVE MILE TROT.—The Golden Gate Driving Park, San Francisco, Cal., was visited by a large number of turfmen and others interested in equine sport on the afternoon of the 2d inst., the main attraction consisting of a five-mile-and-trotting race between Roe Allen, Democrat, Hiram Woodruff and Pacific. The horses sold very evenly in the pools, the latter bringing $15 and the others $20 each. Hiram had the pole and Allen was on the outside. The former got away with the lead, closely followed by Roe Allen, Pacific and Democrat. Democrat behaved badly, running round the turn and losing much ground. Pacific and Hiram also indulged in several breaks, which did not change their positions. At the end of the first mile Hiram was leading by thirty yards, Allen second, Pacific third and Democrat still away behind, having made another break. Time, 2:45. At the end of the second they crossed the score in the same order, but Democrat was just a wee bit nearer. After two miles and a half the latter went for Monthrop, and at the end of the third mile was well up. At the end of the fourth mile matters began to change. Democrat went to second place, broke, fell third, came up again, and at the end of four miles and a half Woodruff, who had been breaking badly, fell fourth; Allen fell off badly and Democrat strove to take the lead, succeeded, but broke; tried again to head Pacific, who was trotting as steadily as a major and could not be broken. As they swung into the stretch for the last time, the excitement was intense. Democrat again challenged for the lead, but made a break and Pacific trotted home winner in 13:51; Democrat second, Roe Allen third and Hiram Woodruff last. This race was preceded by a 2:50 class match for $500, which was won by Lady Franklin; best time, 3:16½.

THE ENGLISH TURF.

The Liverpool Races.

The appended cable telegrams give the result of several of the races decided at the meeting held at Liverpool, Eng., last week:—

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 9th, 1869.—At the Liverpool races to-day the Waterloo Plate, a handicap of 60 sovereigns, for three years old and upwards, one mile and a quarter, was won by Mr. J. V. Morgan's br f Antina, by Prime Minister, out of Alma, by Flatcatcher, three years; Mr. Hodgman's b m Problem, by Newminster, out of Triangle, five years, second; Mr. Beariman's b f Fleetwing, by Buccaneer, out of Hutton Sall, three years, third. Four ran. The betting was even on Antina, five to two against Problem and ten to three against Fleetwing.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 10th.—The Sefton Handicap of 5 sovereigns each, two forfeit to the fund, with 100 added, for three year olds and upwards, was won by Mr. J. Saxon's b g Pienipotentiary, three years old, by Musjid, out of Mary, by Idle Boy, beating Mr. C. Head's b f Bonnie Kate, three years old, by King of Trumps, out of Bosquine second, and Mr. O'Hara's Sour Grapes, four year old, third. The betting was 4 to 1 against Pienipotentiary, 11 to 8 against Bonnie Kate, and 10 to 1 against Sour Grapes. Six ran.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 12th.—The principal race to-day was for the Liverpool Autumn Cup of 200 sovereigns, added to a sweepstake of 25 sovereigns each, 15 forfeit to the fund, one mile and a half (100 subscribers), which was won by Sir J. Hawley's Lictor, four years old, beating Lord Westmoreland's ch f. Cocoanut, by Nutbourne, out of Miss Vivian, second, and Mr. T. Hughes' ch c Lopez, by Buccaneer, out of Creeping Rose. The betting was 6 to 1 against Lictor, 10 to 1 against Cocoanut, and 4 to 1 against Lopez. Fifteen ran.

BASE BALL.

REVIEW OF THE SEASON OF 1869.

ITS VICTORIES AND DEFEATS.

No. 2.—June.

Undoubtedly June was the most important month of the season, both as regards the number and character of the games that were played. The most notable event was the tour of the famous "Red Stockings," which commenced on the first and ended on the last day of the month. During June the "Haymakers" visited the metropolis, and the Yale College nine also came among us. The Mutuals and Eckfords met twice during June, and the Atlantics and Mutuals played their first game for the season. The contest for the Championship of the South, between the Olympic Club, of Washington, and the Maryland, of Baltimore, was also began early in June, and

As of first importance we shall briefly enumerate the games of the Cincinnatis on their memorable eastern tour. The "Red Stockings" left home on May 31, and were to have played the Antioch Club, of Yellow Springs, Ohio, on the same day, but rain interfered. On the 1st they encountered the Independent Club, of Mansfield, Ohio, winning by 48 to 14. After this game, which marred his leg in a previous game at Fort Wayne, Ind., did not appear till the second game, which took place on the 2d, at Cleveland, where the Forest Citys were beaten 26 to 6. The crack club of Western New York, the Niagaras, of Buffalo, were next met and vanquished, the score being 42 to 6. On the 4th, at Rochester, with the Alerts, the contest was sharper, the latter making a good fight, and only being beaten by 18 to 9. The rain of the 5th prevented the game with the Central Citys, at Syracuse, and the "Red Stockings" passed the following day (Sunday) in the city of Albany. On the 7th, they journeyed to Troy, to encounter the noted "Haymakers." The fight was a stubborn one, but finally terminated in favor of the Cincinnatis, by 37 to 31. The Nationals, of Albany, were easily disposed of on the 8th—40 to 8. On their way to Boston, the Westerners champions stopped at Springfield, Mass., where, in a game with the Mutual Club, they were victorious by 80 to 2.

The first club encountered in the "Hub of the Universe" was the Lowell, on the 10th, and the score was 29 to 9. On the 11th the Tri-Mountains were taken into camp, with the totals 40 to 12. On the following day the Harvard College boys yielded gracefully to their western brethren, with the score 35 to 11. A game with the Lowell collegians had been set for the 14th, but Jupiter Pluvius put a damper on the sport and the "Red Stockings" took up their line of march for the metropolis where they were destined to create such a furore. Their first contest in this vicinity attracted several thousand spectators to the Union grounds their reputation having preceded them. Their armageddon were the champion Mutuals, and the game was one of the most remarkable on record. The "Red Stockings" scored in four innings and the Mutuals in two, and the totals were 4 to 2. Their meeting on the following day with the Atlantics attracted the greatest crowd of the season up to that time, and, contrary to all expectation, resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the Brooklynites, with the score 32 to 10. On the 17th the "Red Stockings" met the Eckfords, and again achieved a brilliant victory, this time 14 to 5. The victorious Cincinnatis left town on the 18th, *en route* to Philadelphia, and on the way stopped at Irvington, the former home of two of their nine—Sweasy and Leonard—and the abiding place of a club that once held a proud position as one of the leading clubs of the country—the Irvingtons. A very pretty game ensued, the score being 20 to 4.

On the 19th the "Red Stockings" made their appearance in the Quaker City, having for their opponents the Olympics. The game was well contested, and the score 22 to 11. On the 21st the Athletics were the antagonists of the "Red Stockings," and the latter scored another victory—27 to 18. The last game in Philadelphia took place on the 22d, the Keystones being defeated by 45 to 30. The Champions of the South—the Marylands,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Discovery, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

City Amusements.

DIRECTORY, PRICES CURRENT, AND TIME TABLE.

This department is intended to supply a want long felt not only among strangers visiting the city, but among many of our resident population. In the advertisements in the daily papers, prices of admission to our places of amusement, as well as the time the doors open, and performances commence, are in many instances omitted, and much inconvenience and dissatisfaction is created thereby. The annexed directory will obviate all that.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—14th street corner of Irving place.—Admission $1. reserved seats: $1.50.; Family Circle, 50c.; Private Boxes, from $12 to $8. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—23d street and 6th avenue.—Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony and Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commences at 8.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Orchestra, 75c.; Parquet, 50c; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

BOWERY THEATRE—Bowery, between Canal and Bayard streets.—Balcony and Orchestra, 75c; Parquet, 50c; Second Circle, 38c, Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—24th street, near 5th avenue.—Orchestra and Dress Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 7, commences at 8.

FRENCH THEATRE—14th street, near 6th avenue.—General Admission, 75c.; Orchestra and Front Boxes, $1.50; Balcony Boxes, $1; Family Circle, 50c. Doors open at 1 and 7; commences at 1½ and 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—8th avenue and 23d street.—General Dress Circle 50c.; Orchestra Chairs, Balcony and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50c.; Private Boxes (4 persons), $6; Proscenium Boxes (6 persons), $10. Matinee Prices—General Admission, 50c.; Reserved Seats, 75c.; Family Circle, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NEW YORK CIRCUS—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—Admission 75c. and 50c.; Children, 25c.; to Reserved Seats, 80c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 1½ and 8.

NIBLO'S GARDEN—Broadway, above Prince street. Orchestra and Parquet Circle, $1.50; Balcony, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 1.30 and 7.30, commences at 2 and 8.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Broadway, between Houston and Bleecker streets.—Orchestra and Balcony, $1.50, Reserved, in Dress Circle, $1; Dress Circle and Parquet, 75c; Family Circle, 50c; Children (for matinee only) 25c; Balcony Seats, for matinee, $1. Doors open at 12½ and 7. Commences at 1½ and 8.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS—Broadway, between Prince and Houston streets.—Orchestra Chairs $1; Parquet, 75c; Gallery, 50c.; Private Boxes, $5. Doors open at 7, commence at 8.

STANDARD THEATRE—Broadway, opposite St. Nicholas Hotel—Parquet and Dress Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c.; Orchestra and Balcony Chairs, $1; Private Boxes, $6 and $5. Doors open at 1½ and 6½; commences at 2 and 7½.

TONY PASTOR'S OPERA HOUSE—Bowery, opposite Spring street.—Reserved Seats, 75c.; Parquet 35c.; Family Circle, 25c.; Orchestra Chairs, 50 cents; Private Boxes, $5 and $3. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2½ and 8.

TAMMANY—14th street, between 3d and 4th avenues.—General admission 50c.; Reserved Seats, 25c. extra; Orchestra Chairs, 50c. extra; Gallery, 25cts. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

THEATRE FRANCAIS—14th street near 6th avenue.—Closed.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Broadway, corner of 13th street.—Orchestra, $1.50; Parquet, 75c.; Dress Circle, $1; Gallery, 50c. Doors open at 7½, commence at 8.

WAVERLEY THEATRE—Broadway near Fourth street.—Orchestra, 75c.; Circle, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Doors open at 1 and 7, commences at 2 and 8.

WOOD'S MUSEUM—Broadway and 35th street.—Matinee—Museum and Family Circle, 25c.; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats, 75c. Evening—Museum and Family Circle 25c; Museum and Dress Circle or Parquet, 50c.; Museum and Reserved Seats in Dress Circle or Parquet, 75c.; Museum and Orchestra or Balcony Chairs, $1. Open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Performance commences at 2 and 8.

Halls, Theatres, etc., to Rent.

For particulars see advertisements in the CLIPPER.

Altoona, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. A. O. Kerr & Co.
Johnstown, Pa.—"Frank Rivers' Opera House"—R. H. Meyers.
Erie, Pa.—"Academy of Music"—Wm. J. Sell & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.—"Kavlor Hall"—D. Kaylor.
Hartford, Conn.—"Roberts' Opera House"—W. W. Roberts.
Chicago, Ill.—"Library Hall"—John Robson.
Battle Creek, Mich.—"Hamblin's Opera House"—A. C. Hamblin.
Peter's Valley, Pa.—"Sobel's Opera House"—S. Sobel.
Dayton, Ohio—"Huston Hall"—J. H. Huston.
Wellington, Ohio—"Franks' Hall"—H. B. Franks.
Dayton, Ohio—"Becket Opera House"—J. S. Church.
Yorkville, N. Y.—"Mozart Hall"—J. H. Mozart.
Hartford, Conn.—"Allyn Hall"—T. M. Allyn.
Baltimore, Md.—"Concordia Opera House"—S. Sondershof.
Indianapolis, Ind.—"Metropolitan Hall"—W. H. Leake.
New Castle, Pa.—"Jefferson Hall"—Isa. B. McKee.
Rock Island, Ill.—"Negus Hall"—J. Negus.
Fort Plain, N. Y.—"Defendorf Hall"—S. Keller.
Peoria, Ill.—"Rouse's Opera House"—H. Rouse.
Greenport, N. Y.—"Continental Hall"—C. Ellebridge.
Rome, N. Y.—"Stark's Opera House"—A. J. Stark.
Biddeford, Me.—Shaw's Opera House"—Capt. Ivory Goodwin.
Monmouth, Ill.—"Harris Hall"—O. Hardin.
Reading, Pa.—"Keystone Opera House"—D. P. Lush
East Saginaw, Mich.—"Metropolitan Hall"—J. V.
Yonkers, N. Y.—"Room's Hall"—M. W.
Bowling Green, Ky.—"Odeon Hall"
Auburn, N. Y.—"Dunlap Opera House"
Wyandotte, Kansas.—"
Pittsburgh, Pa.—"
Kansas City—"
Memphis—"

Clipper Post Office.

A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Armaa, Wm. H.
Allen, Pettengill & Co.
Amateur Magician,
Allyne, The Wizard
Allen, William M.
Brazilian Family,
Deane, George A.
Brougham, John
Burke, John M.
Barnard, C. H.
Barnard, Mr.
Baston, Bill
Scleall, Miller
Brockway, W.
Bryant, Dan
Brady, Oom B. F.
Carnes, J. W.
Castello, Tom. P. (2)
Cummings, Frank
Chiffle, Lizzie
Darius, George W.
Dean, Edith, Dan
Drew, C. E.
Dudley, George E.
Dill & Clarke
Daley, Tommy
Enos, Albert G., Jr.
Emmet, Joseph L.
Ewers, Charles S.
Fisher, Charles
Faulk, W. Wells
Foley, Charley (2)
Gilson, Harry
Gates, George W.
Green, Maj. Lewis
Gray, Rufus
Goeller, Leonard
Gray, George
Geer, Harry
Green, Constantine
Hart, Billy
Nonum, Herr
Hewson Family
Hurley, Harry
Hopper, Jerry
Hall, Frank
Hoskins, W. L.
Hanlon, Fred
Hemmings, Corporal
Hughes,
Hoyle, Harry
Hallem, Dan F.
Hight, Andrew
Hogan, J.
Harrison, Freddie
Howard, Charles L.
Haugh, W. H.
Hall, E. M.
Hoyt, E. O.
Jennings, George A.
Jones, J. H. D. (2)
Junz, Henrick
Jefferson, Joseph
Kent, Frank
Keeler, D. C.
Keen, Julian
Long, Jim
Lipman, Silas
Mackaway, L.
Maimes, Jamie E.
Moe, Alfred
Melville, James
Marshall, W. J.
Meier, Harry
Morely, Will
Myers, J. C.
Marshal, J.
McBride, John
Myers, Frank
Nickle, Robert B.
Nugent, J. E.
Nunn, William
Orton, Miss
O'Neil, H.
Pray, Isaac C.
Palmer, C. C.
Powell, J. Lee
Procter, D. K.
Parker, Charles (2)
Pierce, Johnny
Purcell, John
Pettengill, Charles
Price, Mark M.
Pitcher, Miss
Rogers, R. D.
Rankin, Mike
Rowbotham, Charles
Rose, Alfred
Rowland, M. L.
Rose, George A.
Rice, Dan
Rooke, Harry
Rogers, Mrs. Mary
Rickie, Robert B.
Rogers, Mrs. Mary
Rickie, Robert B.
Rogers, Mrs. Mary
**Rickie, Robert B.

derson the power to dispense with my services in so summary a manner, nor do they permit me readily to secede from an company. Through a misunderstanding which has since been adjusted to our mutual satisfaction, Mr. Henderson and myself had agreed to dissolve that agreement. Hence the engagement, for one week, of the gentleman mentioned by your correspondent; and hence, doubtless, the report that has arisen, but which I beg most distinctly to contradict.

THE SANGALI TROUPE closed a six nights' engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, on the 13th inst. The troupe consists of Rita Sangali, Josephine Strodel, Bertha Rupert, Josephine Micnaline and Rachel and Marie De Francesco. Our correspondent, "Novice," thus writes of the performance:—"The pantomime burlesque, entitled 'Flick Flock,' was the opening attraction, the several characters being sustained by a company organized here for the engagement, and consisting of May Saville, E. Varry, G. A. Parkhurst, J. P. Stoner, D. Reilly and G. Mulligan. On the opening night the usual drawbacks incidental to an initial performance were plainly visible, for the play was rendered in a manner anything but acceptable. At the close of the second act, Mr. Varry appeared before the curtain and apologized to the audience for the imperfect manner in which the play was being given, and explained that the parts and music of the piece did not arrive from New York until late that morning, and many in the company were entirely strange to the parts assigned them. He said that actors as well as other people frequently met with obstacles, and that some of them were noteasily surmounted. The company deserve credit, under the circumstances, for the play is one of the most stupid and senseless affairs ever placed upon any stage, and had all in the cast been perfect, the performance would hardly have been more successful. A morning paper indulged in a lengthy article in reference to the matter and employed very harsh and unnecessary language; so uncalled for, in fact, that on the following morning a retraction was made. Mlle. Sangali is an extraordinary dancer. All who have thus far seen her bestow well deserved praise. On Wednesday evening, 10th, the musical burletta of the 'Swiss Cottage' was given in addition to 'Flick Flock,' and on Friday evening, the occasion of Sangali's benefit, a new *ballet* was introduced. Mr. and Mrs. H. Watkins, whose performance at Wall's last season are pleasantly remembered, appear on the 15th inst .....Wall's Opera House is being refitted and vastly improved in the auditorium, and the exterior is receiving a very thorough coat of paint. Laura Keene is expected to open this establishment at a very early day."

HARLEY MERRY, scenic artist, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE PARRINGTON SISTERS were announced to play in Meadville, Pa., on the 10th and 11th, but having a very light house on the first night, and so few people on the second no performance was given on the 11th.

THE BEEKMAN DRAMATIC COMBINATION are visiting the principal towns in the central and northern part of New York.

EDWIN FORREST appeared at the Buffalo Academy of Music, as Hamlet, on Nov. 10th, and was greeted with a large house.

MISS RACHEL DENVIL opens at the Boston Museum on the 15th inst, as the Countess in "The Lone House on the Bridge," and during the engagement appears as Josephine in a new play called "Mercy Dodd."

MISS ADA MARION will play Topsy on the afternoon and and Mary Mericeth in "Our American Cousin," at Newark, N. J., on Thanksgiving day.

THE MANAGEMENT of the Boston Theatre have companies in Providence, Worcester and Hartford on Thanksgiving. In Hartford they play Edwin Booth and Mrs. E. L. Davenport in the "Stranger" and 'Katharine and Petruchio;" in Providence, D. J. Maguinness, the Lascelle Bros., Misses Lizzie Anderson, Belle Dudley, etc., in the "Irish Tutor" and "An Object of Interest;" at Worcester, the bill is "Victorine" and "Katherine and Petruchio," by Mrs. J. B. Booth, Miss Rachel Noah, Messrs. Frank Roche, H. A. Weaver, etc.

BIDWELL'S DRAMATIC COMPANY are to be in Salem, Mass., on the 18th.

E. M. LESLIE'S BOSTON COMEDY COMPANY have been doing an excellent business through New England, we are told, and are to be in Lowell, Mass., on Thanksgiving afternoon.

YANKEE LOCKE has secured the members of the late Rochester, N. Y., company, and goes on the road very soon.

KATE FISHER is to be in Taunton, Mass., on Thanksgiving.

CHARLES WHEATLEIGH appeared at the Griswold Opera House, Troy, N. Y., the past week, opening on the 8th in "Gilbralt," and during the week appeared in the "Colleen Bawn" and "After Dark." His engagement was not a success.

OUR BOSTON ADVICES of doings in the amusement world are up to Nov. 13th, under which date our correspondent, "Gorlotanus," says:—"Edwin Booth closes his brief engagement in this city to-night, at the Boston Theatre, in the character of 'Macbeth,' to immense audiences—probably the largest ever in this theatre—have attended each performance, and the engagement has been the most brilliant he has ever played here. On Nov. 8th, Mr. Booth gave a repetition of 'Hamlet;' 9th, 'Richelieu;' 10th, 'Richard III;' 11th, 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Katherine and Petruchio;' 12th, 'Hamlet,' for the benefit of Mr. Booth, and a house filled to overflowing was drawn together by the announcement. This afternoon (13th) the Stranger and Don Cæsar de Bazan' constitute the attraction, and 'Macbeth' to-night. The utter incapability of the Boston Theatre company to support a first class star has never been shown so conspicuously as during this engagement. With a very few exceptions, such as Mrs. Booth, Rachael Noah, W. H. Leman and Louis Aldrich, the company is too poor for a second-class theatre. Maggie Mitchell opens in 'Fanchon' on the 15th.....At Selwyn's the comedy of 'Faces in the Fire' was presented, for the first time in America, on the 8th inst. It drags somewhat in the first act, but afterwards makes up for it by keeping the audience in a high state of excitement and pleasure, and may be considered as a success. It was admirably played by Frederic Robinson as Cecil Vane, C. H. Vandenhoff as Alfred Glanville, H. F. Daly as Philip Hargrave, H. L. Bascomb as Charles Verner, Virginia Buchanan as Clara Glanville, Mrs. E. L. Davenport as Alice Hargrave, and Miss Oliver as Ducy. It was followed each evening by 'Robert Macaire.' Charles R. Thorne, Jr., played the title *rôle* acceptably and Stuart Robson was good as Jacques Strop, keeping the audience convulsed with laughter all the time he was on the stage. The remainder of the cast was moderately well filled by Messrs. Hayne, Stedman, Kenway, Dinsmore and Bradford, Miss Athena and Miss Savory. On the 10th 'She Would and She Would Not' was repeated to a full house and on the 11th 'Marble Heart' received its last representation for the present. 'Lady Audley's Secret' was given on the 12th, and it is again to be given this afternoon (13th), while this evening 'Everybody's Friend' and 'Robert Macaire' will be presented. On the 15th, the theatre will be closed for a rehearsal of 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which is to be produced after considerable preparation on Nov. 16th. This will doubtless, be *the* great event of the theatrical year, at least in Boston, and it will probably enjoy a long run. The cast, as announced, will be a strong one, as follows:—Theseus, F. Robinson; Lysander, C. R. Thorne, Jr.; Demetrius, H. F. Daly; Bottom, Stuart Robson; Flute, W. J. Le Moryne; Quince, Harry Pearson; Snug, T. H. Burns; Snout, O. A. Dinsmore; Egeus, Chas. Stedman; Philostrate, H. L. Bascomb; Oberon, Mrs. Thomas Barry; Puck, Kittie Blanchard; Titania, Mary Cary; Hippolyta, Mary Wells; Helene, Virginia Buchanan; Hermia Mrs. T. M. Hunter; Fairy, Miss Vining.....At the Museum, A. W. Young's adaptation from Scribe—"A Marriage de Daughter"—was produced on the 8th inst., but it was hardly a success. From the other plays Mr. Young has translated we were led to expect great things of this new play, but the expectations were disappointed. It is in three acts. Mr Warren played Mons de Lamouniere in capital style, though it is rather a difficult part; Chas. Barron did remarkably well as Auguste, a devil-may-care, cashing character; and Mr. McLannin made a good Admiral de Ligny; but Frank Murdoch was not as good as he might be as Raoul. This actor does not bear out first impressions, as he is by no means a strong acquisition to the theatre. Annie Clarke as Marguerite played admirably, though it is evidently a part she doesn't like. Louise Meyers was good as Helene, and Mrs. Vincent as a housekeeper of Admiral de Ligny created considerable merriment. Mrs Vincent is a capital old woman, but is sometimes inclined to overact, as she did in this case. The comedy was followed each evening by the farce of 'Nan, the Good-For-Nothing.' This bill was withdrawn, however, after the 10th, although it had been announced for the entire week. On the 11th 'Paul Pry' and 'Doing for the Best' was given, and on the 12th 'Home,' so successful last season, was revived together with 'Sweethearts and Wives,' in which Warren has the amusing part of Billy Lackaday. This same bill is announced this afternoon. On the 15th the 'Lone House' will be produced..... At the Howard Maffit's pantomime 'The Old Woman That Lived in Her Shoe' was produced on the 8th after a preparation of six weeks. It is a good pantomime, and with Maffit as Clown, Bartholomew as Pantaloon, J. W. Sandford as Harlequin and Mlle. Emma as Columbine, it passed off capitally. The tricks, scenes, etc., are all good and the pantomime deserves a long run. In addition to this there are several new stars.....Mr. W. H. Lingard and his troupe closed at the Adelphi on the 13th, and on the 15th Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul begin an engagement of two weeks at this house. During the past week business has been only moderately good. 'Time Tries All' the Lingard Sketches and 'Puto' were presented, and the same bill was repeated on the 9th. On the 10th Dickie Lingard took a benefit, giving 'Gertrude's Money Box', the Lingard Sketches and the burlesque of 'Pluto.' This same bill was given on the 11th and on the 12th Alice Dunning took a benefit, giving previous to the Lingaru Sketches, and 'Puto,' the comedy of 'All That Glitters is not Gold.' Fanny Rudolf, in Mr. Thorne made his *debut*. This afternoon (13th) 'Gertrude's Money Box', and in the evening 'Miriam's Crime' precedes the burlesque."

"TIME AND THE HOUR," which is the Saturday night attraction at Bonta's theatre in this city, is offered for sale at fifteen cents a copy, by Mr. De Witt.

C. W. TAYLEURE has relinquished his business connection with the Wonell Sisters. The young ladies open in New Orleans on the 22nd inst.

Musical.

FRENCH OPERA IN NEW ORLEANS.—On the evening of the 8th inst., one of the largest and most brilliant audiences ever assembled within the walls of the New Opera House participated in the pleasures and excitements of the first night of the season. Our correspondent, "Crescent," under date of Nov. 5th, says:—"The initial performance of the Huguenots,' cast with the full strength of the large company, several of the leading artists sustaining minor characters a true *relâtt* to the performance, Mr. Mic ot appearing as Raoul, Mr. Denoyelle as Marcel, Mr. Dumesnie as Nevers, Mlle. Armal as Valentine, Mlle. Dupuy as Marguerite and Mad. Dumesnie as the Page, all of which gave satisfaction, being frequently applauded, as was M. Calabresi, the conductor, when he appeared, taken in hand. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the introduction of quite a respectable *ballet*, something that is generally required in most grand operas, but heretofore often omitted for the want of the necessary dancers. 'The Huguenots' is to be repeated on the 6th inst., after which 'La Dame Blanche' will be produced, in which M. Dumesnie, the baritone of the company is said to be especially good."

ALF HOWARD, who left Wall's, is traveling through Ohio giving comic delineations of character. He was in Connecautville on the 11th and was to go thence to Geneva, Painesville and Willoughby.

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE commenced their third week at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, on the 8th inst., with the 'Bohemian Girl.' Says our correspondent, "Amusement":—"An audience of fair proportions testified to the popularity of the opera, while the applause given to the leading members of the company indicated their merit. The cast was the same with the exception of Miss Stocton substituted for Mrs. Seguin in the *rôle* of the Queen. Parepa, Campbell and Castle rendered their parts as effectively and as well as at any time during the season, and received hearty *encores*. De Solla was evidently laboring under a severe hoarseness, consequently lacked his usual vivacity. One of the features of the evening was 'The Heart Bowed Down,' which rendered a hearty and well deserved *encore*. On the 9th, 'The Marriage of Figaro' was announced, but owing to a accident in liquor of Mr. Lawrence, it was postponed until the 10th, and 'Martha' was substituted. 'The Marriage of Figaro' attracted one of the largest houses of the season. Parepa Rosa appeared in a lively and happy humor. Mrs. Seguin was a charming page, and although her voice shows a little weariness, she sang beautifully, and gained an *encore* and a floral tribute for her rendering of 'The Thought Cannot Reach Thee.' Miss Hersee was a charming little Countess, but she failed to make as good an impression as last week. Lawrence's voice shows the effect of his recent indisposition, but he got through in fair style, although he was weak. Campbell sang his *rôle* finely, and was effective as Figaro. To-morrow (12th), they sing the 'Black Domino,' and for their farewell performance give 'Marriage of Figaro.'"

A TENOR SINGER, and a small orchestra that can play both string and brass, can be engaged by addressing Nunn and Cowman, as per advertisement.

SPAULDING'S BELL RINGERS were at Pittsfield, Mass., on the 12th and 13th inst., and were to go thence to Springfield, 15th and 16th, and thence to Hartford and New Haven, Conn.

THE CARRERA FAMILY are traveling through Illinois, giving concerts. They were at Mount Sterling on the 10th and 11th; Rushville, 12th and 13th, and are to be in Lewiston, 17th and 18th.

THE PEAK FAMILY OF BELL RINGERS are said to have been doing a good business of late in Buffalo, N. Y., Akron, Ohio, Erie, Pa., and were to play in Massillon, Ohio, on the 13th and Canton, 15th.

JAMES BLAMPHIN, solo harpist, is reported as being ill in Philadelphia.

A TUBA PLAYER, clarionetist, also a picolo player, those who can play brass are preferred are wanted by Charley Shay, as will be seen by an advertisement

THE FRANKO FAMILY give entertainments at Metzeroti Hall, Washington, D. C., on the 17th and 18th inst. They ask an admission fee of $1, which will not tickle the Washingtonians very much.

THE PEAK FAMILY were at Mendota, Ill., on the 6th and Dixon on the 8th.

THE BERGES FAMILY BELL RINGERS were at Rousseville, Pa., on the 8th; Franklin, 9th, and Meadville, 10th and 11th, and Akron, O., 12th and 13th. They were billed for Ravenna, O., for the 15th; Warren, 16th; Youngstown, 17th and 18th, and Newcastle, Pa., 19th and 20th.

BLIND TOM, who is performing through Ohio, is to be in Akron, Ravenna and Warren during the current week.

JULIAN BREBAN, with his bell ringing party, was in Wellsville, Ohio, on the 11th; Wellsburg, 12th, and was to go thence to Steubenville.

THE PAREPA ROSA TROUPE are to be in Indianapolis, Ind., on the 22d and 23d inst.

WILLIAM HAYWARD gives his ballad entertainment in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 18th inst.

CARLOTTA PATTI is announced to give one concert in Troy, N. Y., on Nov. 20th.

G. F. DE WALLIE, dramatic leader and composer, advertises that he can be engaged.

Variety Halls.

RITA PERCY, statuesque artist, having terminated a two weeks' engagement at the Pittsburgh Theatre on the 13th inst., is at present at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, where she remains two weeks and goes thence to Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia. Managers desiring to secure her services will address her as per advertisement elsewhere.

OF BUSINESS at the two variety halls in Pittsburgh, Pa., our correspondent, "J. E. H," says:—"V. E Beamer has assumed the management of Trimble's Varieties Theatre. There has been a change in the style of entertainment, and an improvement in business. The Harrison Sisters put in appearance on the 8th inst, and received a warm reception. They are pretty, dress well, and do their dances gracefully and effectively. Harry Richmond has been singing English sensational songs (after the Vivian style). On the 15th inst. the burlesque of 'Somnambula' will be produced with new scenery, properties, etc. Belvil Ryan is cast for Armenia. He is a good comedian. The negro farces, burlesques, etc., played are a prominent feature in each entertainment. They are well put on the stage, and have able representatives in Herman, Gooding, Richmond, Shay and Dougherty. Richmond had a benefit on the 12th inst. On the 15th inst. Fred. Seigle and Amelia Seigle appear.....At the Pittsburgh Theatre Jenny Benson was introduced on the 8th, and received a warm greeting from a large audience. Her clog dances are *encored* every night. Larry Tooley is giving a number of Dutch songs, embracing 'Hans von Duesberry Dunder,' 'Love Among Big Noses,' 'Who Stole the Poodle,' and 'Kelser, Don't You Want to Buy a Dog,' with considerable success. Manager Williams has re-engaged him for four weeks longer. John H. Carle has had a severe attack of the 'Pittsburgh grip' this week, which so seriously interfered with his voice that he relinquished singing for a time. Geo. Edeson is still unable to vocalize in consequence of a throat affection. Rita Percy continued to present her pictures in statuary. Her 'Columbia' received an *encore* night. She goes to Washington, D. C., next (this) week. Clara Burton has quit the jig for the present, and turned her attention to fancy steps. Her dances are all warmly applauded. Ada Wray leaves for Baltimore next (this) week. Susie Starr and E. F. Gorman go to Boston next (this) week."

OF Cincinnati affairs, we are advised by our correspondent, under date of Nov. 12, as follows:—The New York Varieties, on Sixth Street, was re-opened by H. W. Robins, on the 6th inst., and has continued to do a good business. Fred F. Shaw was the stage manager, and appeared on the end, and in comic songs. Johnnie Black has the other end. Marsh Adams was interlocutor for a while, and was then replaced by Oscar Kress, the piccolo soloist. Among the other members are Miss Nehie Raymond, vocalist; La Petite Harry, a child singer and dansense, and Master Wilde, song and dance boy..... At the Race Street Varieties the feature of this week has been a burlesque on Kemp's Old Folks entitled 'Father Kemp's Old Folks,' which took the place of the first part. The entire company participated in the travesty, which is quite a relief by way of variety. Billie Barker's edition of the Can-can is no success fully in its fourth week. She makes less display or charms than La Favre, but not a few relish her character the better. Ben Brown gave a song and dance and Carleton did some Dutch business—a new thing for him.....The Fourth Street Varieties has secured a trump card in Jacob Relly, a juggler of considerable skill. His feats of juggling have consisted of hat and knife jugg-ing. Next (this) week he is to perform Chinese knife throwing. N. B. Shimer, the late tambo of this hall, took his departure for Toledo at the beginning of the week and was replaced by Tim Woodruff. The latter veteran has been a good performer in his day, but at present his voice is so husky from a cold as to be hardly audible. Lulu Wharton, who has been playing Frailty in the Can-can for the past week, has made a hit in the part. Biz has been quite brisk of late.....A dispatch received here last night from Nashville reports that La Favre and her model can-can have been squelched in that burg, by the city council.....Dan Conner and his brother Mike (Cincinnatus) departed last evening for Nashville, where they have effected engagements..... Lizzie Whelan, now playing in Nashville, has been up on a flying visit."

THE MANNER OF OPENING the entertainment at the Metropolitan Hall, Washington, D. C., has been somewhat changed of late. Heretofore it has been the rule to open with a regular first part minstrel scene, with the ends sustained by male members of the company. The performance now commences with a sketch called the "Three Fast Women." Our correspondent, "Novice," says:—"It is as unlike the drama as it can possibly be. James Porter appears as Barney Casey, a cabman, and Harry Fox takes the character of a verdant individual from Holland. The swell shows Dutchy the elephant, and at the same time relieves him of his spare change. In the course of their travels they visit the Metropolitan Hall, and the Dutchman is introduced to the members of the troupe as they appear and take seats for the female minstrel scene. The affair is well gotten up, and is arranged, no doubt, by the new stage manager, Mr. Porter. In the no first part, Miss Carolista takes Tom McIntyre's place on the bone end, but instead of using bones, plays castinets. Naomi Porter appears as Tambo. Both do remarkably well; they do not indulge in funny stories, but merely ask conundrums some of which are of a political nature and consequently only enjoyed by a few. This they should avoid, if they desire to please and entertain the entire body of the audience. The best feature of the change is that the whole company appear in white faces. The finale to the first part is arranged so as to introduce Harry Hart in a Dutch song, which he does well enough to receive an *encore*. Among the good things offered in the second part is the comic ductts by Mr. and Miss Porter, and the song and dance of Tom McIntyre. Jenny Jerome remains in the company, and so does Lizette Lefave and Miss Marsh. A quartet has not yet been organized, and no improvement has been made in the matter of wearying the audience each evening with tedious overtures. Rita Percy, the statue artist, commences a two weeks' engagement to-morrow evening, the 15th instant."

ACCIDENT TO A GYMNAST.—Mlle. Zagrino met with a serious accident at the Varieties Theatre, St. Louis, Mo., on the evening of the 11th inst., while doing the trapeze act. She had gone through with nearly all the act until she came to the feat where she stands on one foot, with the bar in rapid motion, when she lost her balance. She attempted to grasp the bar with her hands but missed it, and fell headlong upon the floor, inside of the orchestra railing, striking on her right hand and breaking her wrist. A deep gash was also cut in her forehead, and her shoulder was severely bruised. A cry of horror arose from the audience as the girl fell, and men started up in the wildest excitement. On striking the floor near the bass viol the girl lay still, and it was supposed that she was dead. Her father who had been watching the performance from the stage, at once came forward, and leaping into the orchestra, lifted up the lifeless form of his daughter and placed her upon the stage. She was then carried behind the scenes and three physicians were in attendance. The audience were informed that Mlle. Zagrino was only slightly injured, and the show went on, two comic songs being next on the programme. In a few minutes the girl revived and was able to speak. She said she felt no great pain except in her wrist and begged the doctors not to disturb her. No other bones were broken except at the wrist. Such were the statements of the ushers, but the audience was of the opinion that the injuries were of a more serious nature, and, considering that the fall was an unbroken one of twenty-five feet, it would be strange if severe internal injuries were not the result. It has since been ascertained that both her wrists are broken and that her injuries are of a serious nature, the wound on the head being quite severe.

CARROLL'S NEW VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., will be opened about the 20th inst. The proprietor advertises for talent.

DICK CARROLL has been quite successful in his new act called "Terpsichorean's calculations" which he has patented, and in a card elsewhere cautions all performers from infringing on his rights. Managers wishing to secure him at the close of his present engagement at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, can do so by addressing him as per advertisement.

THE TWO PERFORMING DOGS, Dick and Dash that have been so successfully presented to the public by Prof. French, are advertised for sale, together with all the trappings, "props," etc., as Prof. French intends retiring from the boards.

AT TROWBRIDGE'S OPERA HOUSE, Kate Williams Mlle. Devere, Lilly Carter, Annie Chester, Wilde Cobb, with his trained dogs and monkeys, Dick Carol, W. H. Harrison and J. H. Cummings have been drawing a succession of full houses the past week. They give it is week a new sensation in what is called "Base Ball, Our National Game."

MRS. FERRELL, a female Paul Pry; Noah Wurgel, a country bumpkin; Deborah Grig, a charity girl, and Jeremiah Brush, a barber. Undoubtedly her greatest impersonation is that of Sims Reeves, the English tenor, which is very funny. Grace Egerton is a good vocalist, being endow d with three distinct voices—baritone, tenor and soprano—each of which she uses during the evening to the pleasure of her hearers. As Sims Reeves she sings 'My Pretty Jane,' and during the in the Garden, Maud.' Geo. Carey, as a trick violinist, has rarely been excelled, and during the evening he entranced the audience with his rendition of the 'Cardinal of Venice' and the 'King of the Cannibal Islands,' with eccentric variations. His concertina so os were very pleasing."

REYES SOMERBY is traveling east with a gift show. In the p rts are the Ocasco Sisters, Ashley, magician, and M. Delmar, ventrilo.

WALLACE AND WOOD, grotesque performe s, late of "Tony Pastor's" opera House, have joined Billy Pastor's Combination.

THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Boston, lately occupied by W. H. Lingard, will, at the close of the present engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, be opened as a variety place of amusement.

THE PITTSBURGH THEATRE, says a correspondent, "has been well filled every night the past week, and the *matinees* have been most liberally patronized. Rita Percy added a number of new tableaux to her gems of statuary, having the necessary effects of calcium lights, etc., secured for her second week. Her poses were something beautiful to behold."

LADIES OF ABILITY are wanted for the Variettes, Helena, Montana. Address N. Campbell as per advertisement.

SENSATIONAL STARS COMBINATIONS and first-class variety artists are informed through an advertisement in another column that they can always find engagements at the Pittsburgh Theatre.

A PARTNER, who has had some experience in the show business, is wanted by F. Price. See advertisement.

SALLIE SWIFT can be engaged for her Indian club act, Roman statuary and banjo specialties. Find her address in another column.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS opened in Richmond, Va., on the 8th inst. Our correspondent, "J. S. R.," says:—"There was not as much enthusiasm among the admirers of the burnt cork profession as was expected from the warm reception given to the minstrels who preceded them in this city. They were advertised to appear for one week, but owing to the slim business done, they concluded to pack up after three performances and seek fortune in a more congenial region—one where the public is more liberal of their patronage. It is true that the inclemency of the weather tended, in a great measure, to keep the public away from their performances. Messrs. Wilson and Johnson did the business on the ends, the former manipulating the bones and the latter beating the tambourine. Their jokes were fair, but old; their songs good and well rendered; their dances, passable; their sketches amusing, but antiquated; and their comicalities exceedingly laughable, and were well enjoyed by the audience. Harry Robinson's performance on various instruments was commendable, and created a great amount of amusement. He is one of the best cards of the troupe; and he does is very entertaining and popular, not omitting his mechanical donkey, whose appearance was the cause of considerable laughter. Joe Emmett, the Dutch mimic, in his Lingard burlesques was irresistibly funny, and his Dutch songs occasioned a vast amount of merriment."

WILD, BARNEY AND MAC'S MINSTRELS put in two nights in Rochester, N. Y., on Nov. 15th and 16th.

BUCKLEY'S MINSTRELS gave two performances at the Opera House, Newark, N. J., on the 12th and 13th inst., to crowded houses. Our correspondent "Rover" says:—"The company have had several new additions since their last appearance here, and now rank A No. 1 in the business. The programme offered each evening was new, and each and every act loudly applauded. The performance coincided with the burlesque opera in three acts of 'Lucretia Borgia,' introducing Miss Medora Becker as Lucretia Borgia. Miss Becker proves a valuable acquisition to the company, singing and acting her part in a most excellent manner. Hogan and Hughes gave the 'Colored Belle,' and retired amid deafening applause. For an *encore*, they old a laughable burlesque on Delehanty and Hughes' 'Shoo Fly.'"

KELLY AND LEON'S MINSTRELS perform in Portsmouth, N. H., on the 10th inst.

S. S. SANFORD'S MINSTRELS will be in Phœnixville, Pa., 16th and 17th, Reading 18th, Bethlehem 19th and Doylestown 20th.

LEW BRIMMER is up for a "ben" on the 17th, at Wild's Varieties, Buffalo, and joins Emerson and Manning's Minstrels at Chicago, on the 22d.

SAM SIDNEY, banjoist and comedian, who has several specialties, advertises that he can be engaged.

THE ASSOCIATED ARTISTS of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels are billed ahead as follows:—Plymouth, Mass., 15th; Salem, 16th; Lynn, 17th; Providence, R. I., 18th; Portsmouth, N. H., 19th; Dover, 20th; Biddeford, Me., 22d, and Portland, 23d and 24th.

BUCKLEY'S SERENADERS were in Newark, N. J., on the 12th and 13th inst.

JAKE BUDD joined Sam Sharpley's Minstrels on the 13th inst., taking one of the ends.

SKIFF, WHEELER, HORN AND ERAY'S MINSTRELS gave their first show in Lynn, Mass., on Nov. 8th. Their route for the current week is as follows:—Providence, R. I., 15th and 16th; Greenfield, 17th; Worcester, Mass., 18th; New Haven, Conn., 19th, and Winchester, N. H., 22d and 23d; and Nashua, N. H., 24th."

GRACE EGERTON gave an entertainment in Valparaiso, Ind., on Nov. 1st, to a crowded audience. A correspondent says:—"Her facial acting, powers of mimicry, and the rapidity with which she changes from one character to another, are surprising. Her best hits were made in Mrs. Ferrell, a female Paul Pry; Noah Wurgel, a country bumpkin; Deborah Grig, a charity girl, and Jeremiah Brush, a barber. Undoubtedly her greatest impersonation is that of Sims Reeves, the English tenor, which is very funny. Grace Egerton is a good vocalist, being endow d with three distinct voices—baritone, tenor and soprano—each of which she uses during the evening to the pleasure of her hearers. As Sims Reeves she sings 'My Pretty Jane,' and during the in the Garden, Maud.' Geo. Carey, as a trick violinist, has rarely been excelled, and during the evening he entranced the audience with his rendition of the 'Cardinal of Venice' and the 'King of the Cannibal Islands,' with eccentric variations. His concertina so os were very pleasing."

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A DRAMATIC EXHIBITION is advertised for sale in another column.

THE LEWIS BROTHERS, magicians, were to be in Hancock, Pa., on the 12th inst., for three nights.

THE FAKIR OF AVA is at Newark, N. J., all this week.

GRACE EGERTON can be engaged for her "Sketches of Odd People" and other specialties, through her agents, J. G. Burnett & Co., Chicago.

A. M. GRISWOLD, the "Fat Contributor," delivered his comic lecture entitled 'Injen Meal," at Pike's Music Hall, Cincinnati, on Friday evening, Nov. 12. The same lecture was delivered in Xenia, Ohio, on the previous Tuesday. He is to fulfil engagements in the New England States, beginning this week.

THE NEW YORK LIVING CURIOSITIES, from Barnum's Museum, open for nine days at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, commencing Thanksgiving Day.

SIGNOR BLITZ will be "at home," once more at the Assembly Buildings, Philadelphia, commencing Nov. 15th. The Signor has brought numerous new tricks from Europe, and will be assisted by his son, Theodore Blitz.

LESSONS on jig and clog dancing can be had of Charles Frank, whose address find elsewhere.

THE ZANFRETTA BROTHERS, gymnasts and trapeze performers, can be engaged through J. G. Burnett & Co., whose address find in another column.

CHAS. L. GETZ, scenic artist of the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore, and John R. Johnston, a landscape and portrait artist, are engaged in painting for exhibition a panorama illustrative of the latter gentleman's tour upon the continent of Europe last summer.

HERMANN, the prestidigitateur, under the management of John P. Smith, opens at the Concordia Opera House, Baltimore, on the 15th, for one week.

BULLARD'S PANORAMA OF NEW YORK continued on exhibition in Louisville, Ky., the past week.

THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS will give a series of twelve performances at Library Hall, Chicago, commencing on the 15th.

THEATRICAL WIGS are manufactured by Schmidt and Fooraer, who advertise in another column.

THAT COMICAL BROWN is in Southbridge, Mass., and Harrington, the ventriloquist, in Chesalsea, Mass., on Thanksgiving.

JOHN BOGAN continues to supply the public with musical instruments.

MINSTREL WIGS can be had of A. J. Leavitt, whose card may be seen in another column.

A YOUNG MAN, whose address find elsewhere, is in need of a situation as agent or treasurer.

GRACE EGERTON and George Case are at the Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., this week.

PROF. EVERETT was to open in Lebanon, Pa., on the 15th, for one week.

FRANK P. DODSON sends banjos to any address on receipt of price. His card may be seen in another column.

W. G. WEMYSS, publisher of plays, has a card among our theatrical advertisements, giving a list of popular plays which he is prepared to furnish professionals with at fifteen cents each. He also has a large collection of Ethiopian farces and card photographs of the principal actors and actresses now on the stage.

CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXALS will be in Lowell, Mass., on the 19th and 20th inst. At Bangor, Me., the troupe gave a change of programme, introducing a first part or the female minstrel scene, with Tim Fitch as middle man, and Wilson and Hallett on the ends. They also gave a change of olio, introducing John Denier's new monkey sketch of "The Frolics of Pug," concluding with "In and Out of Place," Miss Maggie Willett appearing as Letty, Tim Fitch as Etiquette, and Frank Wilson as Clod.

L. M. W. STEERE, who has been connected with the show business as advance agent for the past fifteen years, is desirous of procuring an engagement. See his card elsewhere.

Amateur.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, New Orleans, was occupied on Nov. 4th by the Orleans Dramatic Relief Association, who, hearing that the Southern Base Ball Club were short of funds, with their usual liberality volunteered their services to give a benefit, and by that means raise the "necessary." The bill selected was "The Iron Chest," with Mr. C. F. Buck as Sir Edward Mortimer, Mr. Duff as Wilford, Mr. Wilson as Fitzhardinge, Mr. Garrison as Gilbert Rawbold, Miss F. as Helen and Mrs. W. H. Leighton as Barbara.

THE SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION, of Philadelphia, gave on the 11th the "Picked of Lewis Man" and "Neighbor's Wife." The Brierly of Mr. Gumbs was good; Mr. Hulfish as Mosa mistook the character altogether; the character of Gibson by Mr. Bartram was a natural piece of acting; Mr. Edwards as Hawkshaw was miserable, having no conception of the part whatever. Miss Macdonald as Sam Willoughby made up and played the part to the life, as did also Miss Montgomery as Mrs. Willoughby. The "$100,000 pounds" is underlined for next (this) week. So writes a correspondent.

OUR CORRESPONDENT IN CINCINNATI gives the following amateur intelligence from the City of Swine:—"The Shakespeare Club rendered a portion of 'Richard III' and the farce of 'Box and Cox.' Closter was taken by T. H. Ringold, who has a very rich voice but one not well modulated. The female parts were particularly well done which is quite creditable to the amateurs so said of the rest. Box and Cox, by J. Wilgat and N. Guilford, excited a good deal of merriment.....The Davenport Club, on Friday, the 12th, gave portions of 'Macbeth' and 'To Oblige Benson,' with J. E. Sherwood as Macbeth, C. G. Rorne as Macduf, Frank Churchill as Trotter Southdown, F. Hervey as Benson and Miss Lina as Mrs. B ..... The Woodward Dress gives the 'Rivals,' on Friday evening next, the 19th."

Foreign Show News.

LONDON THEATRICALS.—The opening of the Haymarket and Astley's Theatre has completed the list, and now every theatre in the principal streets of the metropolis is in active operation for the winter season. Business is reported as continuing first rate at all the places, and at a number of the houses no change will be made in the present programme until the pantomime season opens, about Christmas. There has been no change at several of the theatres of late. At the Gaiety the version of "Drame de la Rue de la Paix" continues, and is more attractive to the effects it presents. ..... Bouricault and Byron's "Lost at Sea" is the attraction at the Adelphi. At the St. James', Holborn, New Royalty, Surrey, Sadler's Wells, Britannia, Alexandria and Pavilion no change calls for mention.....'A Hero for an Hour' was produced at the Charing Cross on Oct. 30th....."Ino," a new and original burlesque by B. J. Spedding, was produced at the Strand Theatre on Nov. 1st....."Forbidden Fruit" announced for production at the Lyceum Theatre on Nov. 6th.....Mr. Byron's first appearance in Lond n at the Globe has been attended with considerable success. He opened in "Not Such a Fool as He Looks," a three-act farce of his own.....Mr. Russell's company, after an extended provincial tour, made their *rentree* at the Standard on Oct. 26th, in "The Grand Duchess"....."The Old Rag Shop," a melodrama by Mr. Greve, has been produced at the Victoria, and was successful.....Atta Navgent's burlesque revived at the Grecian on Oct 26th.....'Jack and the Beanstalk' is the title of the Giant Killer; or, The Knights of the Round Table," is the name of the forthcoming pan omime at the Standard. ....."Formosa" was performed on Nov. 1st for the seventy-sixth time at Drury Lane....."Little Em'ly," a dramatic version of David Copperfield, by Halliday, has been so well received at the Olympic.....Harry Sullivan continues his performance of "Punch and Judy Jamester" at the Holborn....."School" is still kept at the Prince of Wales....."Checkmate" is running well at the Royalty. .....Robert Edgar is Shakespearianizing at Sadler's Wells.....Mrs. John Wood continues "Treasure Trove" and "She Stoops to Conquer" at the St. James..... Mr. Buckstone re-opened the Haymarket on Oct. 26 h with a new three act comedy by Tom Taylor and Dubourg.

PARIS THEATRICALS.—Alex. Dumas, *fils*, has written the "Diane de Lys" for the Gymnase Theatre ..... The exciting times in Paris lately over the expected riot interfered considerably with the theatres, the receipts averaging about one-half the usual amount. The following statement is said to be a correct one:—

	Average receipts.	Night before the expected riot.
	Francs.	Francs.
Chatelet	4,500	2,500
Vaudeville	3,000	1,700
Varietes	4,000	2,000
Gymnase	5,500	1,500
Palais Royal	2,500	1,100
Gaite	3,000	1,400
Porte St. Martin	4,500	2,000
Ambigu Comique	4,000	900
Bouffes Parisiennes	1,800	1,000
Folies Dramatiques	2,500	1,600
Athenee	3,000	1,400
Deiassis	600	200

A correspondent says:—"If this you will see that on an average evening £1,500 are spent in these twelve theatres alone; and in the paper before me I see nineteen theatres advertised for to-night, be ides the Italians and two others which are not open to night, and a swarm of concerts and other entertainments. If you go to any of these performances to-night the chances are you will have a difficulty in getting a fair place on a Sunday you will not get

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, or other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR MISCELLANEOUS AND SPORTING Advertisements, *twenty cents per line* for each and every insertion.
FOR NOTICES—to be interspersed in our News Departments—such as entirely from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*: the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
IN OUR LEADED OR EDITORIAL COLUMNS nothing of a paid character can appear, as we reserve that space for free and independent expression of our own opinions.
OUR TERMS ARE CASH. Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for A ter-sements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ADVERTISEMENTS should be sent in by noon on Mondays, at latest, to ensure their appearance in that week's issue.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned:
FRANK QUEEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Nos. 88 and 90 Centre street
Cor. Leonard, New York.

AMUSEMENTS.

PITTSBURGH THEATRE,
FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.
H. W. WILLIAMS.....SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER.
THE NOVELTY THEATRE OF THE WEST.
SENSATIONAL STARS
AND
COMBINATIONS
can always find good engagements.
FIRST CLASS VARIETY ARTISTES
wanted at all times.
MATINEES—WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS. 12-tf

MISS LEONA CAVENDER,
COMEDIENNE AND VOCALIST.
MR. MORRIS is now ready to negotiate for time. Her repertoire embraces
SEVERAL NEW PLAYS,
including Original Dramas by
AUGUSTIN DALY, ESQ.,
AND
HENRY MORFORD, ESQ.,
THOMAS E. MORRIS, 179 West Tenth street.
33-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY
for CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL TROUPE, good Tuba Player, Clarionet and Piccolo; must play brass good; steady engagement at moderate salary. Address to Lawrence, Mass., by Nov 25th, or Springfield, Mass., up to Dec. 2d. CHARLEY SHAY, Manager 34-34

METROPOLITAN HALL,
VARIETY THEATRE.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
B. HENZE.....Sole Proprietor.
JAS. PORTER.....Stage Manager.
MONS. A. BLANDOWSKI,
the celebrated Ballet Director, opens at the above theatre, Nov. 22d, in his own grand, original
FRENCH CAN-CAN.
Dancers wishing engagements for the ballet address him immediately, as above.
WANTED AT ALL TIMES—Lady Vocalists, Dancers, Comediennes, &c. Artists having new sensation acts or specialties treated with on liberal terms. Address [illegible] B. HENZE, Manager

WANTED.
AN ENGAGEMENT
AS LEADING MAN OR STOCK STAR ACTOR
IN A TRAVELING COMPANY.
Address W. COOKE POPE,
33-1t* Detroit Post Office.

WHITE'S OPERA HOUSE,
ROCKVILLE, CONN.
A new and elegant structure, 9x48, finished with all the MODERN IMPROVEMENTS AND CAPABLE OF SEATING ABOUT 1,000 PERSONS.
STAGE 22x36 FEET, WITH DROP CURTAIN AND SCENERY, All new. Opened to the public NOVEMBER 20th 1869
This is the finest Hall in New England outside the large cities.
For terms address C. WHITE,
33-3t* Rockville, Conn.

FARRAR HALL,
FRONTING PARK FLOOR, ERIE, PA.,
GRAY & FARRAR.....Proprietors.
The only place of amusement in the city with high ceiling and below the third floor; wide front entrance on Park, with rear entrance on Fifth street. Fine Dressing Rooms, Raised Seats, Stage carpeted, full set of scenery, Spacious Gallery. Capacity, 1,400. Population 22,000. Address D. P. ENSIGN & CO., Agents, Brown's Hotel Block.
33-26t* W T BURLEY, Licensed City Bill Poster at same place.

TO MANAGERS.

ADDRESS — SAM SIDNEY! — THIS OFFICE
THE BANDBOX COMEDIAN

Can be engaged for six (6) nights or more, introducing the following NEW and ORIGINAL Specialties, secured by Copyright:—
1. Miss FLORENA FITZ NOODLES, a very operatic young lady.
2. COL. MAGEE, of the Fenian Artillery.
3. GIRL OF THE PERIOD, with song to suit the times.
4. UNCLE SAM, a Veteran of '76.
5. GRAND MILITARY TABLEAUX, with Artistic Violin Solo.
Instrumental Banjo Solos! Original Banjo Songs!
33-1t*

W. H. FARNHAM, the Champion Banjo Master of America, in conjunction with Johnny Buckley, the Unrivaled Banjoist, who challenges any performer in the world to compete with him; are the sole Manufacturers of Wilson's Celebrated Silver Banjos. Also, Buckley's Patent Improved Wooden Banjos. Address FARNHAM & BUCKLEY, 395 River street, Troy, N. Y. 13-1t*

LIBERTY HALL,
LOCATED IN EAST LIBERTY,
ALLEGHENY CO., PENN.,
Five miles east of Pittsburgh, directly on the Penn. Central Railroad.
Population of place, twelve thousand. Capacity of hall, 700, with stage, scenery, drop curtain, &c.
For rent to all first class performances. For terms, &c., address
JOHN PERCHMENT, Jr.,
33-6t* Wilkins P. O., Allegheny Co., Penn.

WANTED.—A YOUNG MAN
THAT HAS HAD SOME EXPERIENCE IN SHOW BUSINESS, AS PARTNER
in a first class Minstrel and Variety Troupe, he to take one half or one third interest. Stock valued at $1,500; worth double aparalement. For further particulars address F. PRICE, P. O. Box 950, South Bend, Ind. 31-1t*

SAMPSON HALL,
CHARLOTTE, MICH.
Size of hall, 50x100 feet; stage, 20x50, with scenery, footlights, &c., and seated with chairs.
Population of town, 3,000. Rent reasonable. License low.
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